

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN NORTH WESTERN AMERICA

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
[General of the U. S. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, DEC. 12, 1896.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,

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Out of the Depths.

I wonder if there was a more pathetic and a more pathetic message sent back to the living from the brink of the grave than that of young Dawson, of the fated "Callie On," sent to his mother, his sister, and his friends, in the very verge of eternal sleep, trembling like a living thing, as if conscious of impending destruction, the heart's passionate message has to be written in simple and hurried utterance. And then, the student's piece of drift wood: "May the Lord comfort my mother. 'Callie On,' run down by an unknown steamer—Dawson's last utterance." All the great primitive passions, the emotions are moved by the ship-loy's message. Brave lad! The pen that now writes of him moves at the impulse of tears. The pen that now writes of her, she that bore him and mourned him, parted, might dry her tears in her pride of being the mother of such a

son. I do not suppose that it entered Mr. Young Dawson's mind when he pencilled his few words—his prayer for his mother—that he was imitating the action of the Father in heaven. He was, too, in the hour of calamity, forgot His own vast sorrows, thinking of His mother. How thoughtful care of His mother He then had! He was, in the Cross, has invested even the saddest record of His last hours with another meaning. He was, in the arms of a boy on the "Callier On" is repeating, in his own humble sphere, the story of the "Captain of Our Salvation." For the mother's love is the same, and the greater grief than the fear of death. "May the Lord comfort my mother!" is the message which the suffering son sends to his mother. It is a sad, a peril wrong if He who showed it should be strange if He who showed on the Cross of anguish and shame the Father's love for His mother, and mother did not hear the prayer, and minister secret comfort to this brave little son.

It was a slow step that carried Dawson's letter to the shore. Twelve months and more it lay on the heaving

"Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting

Summer and winter, night and day,
In storm and in sunshine, one can see
The letter rising and falling on
The wave, and the wave rising and
falling on the letter, and the letter
by the mad fury of the gale, lost in its
writheful tumult of foam; but again
when the "storm-wind of the equinox"
comes, the letter rises and falls
in glittering gaily upon the wide waves
of the sea, there goes Dawson's letter,
"courtesying over the billows," as
the poet says, and the waves rise
yet ever with its simple, sweet, and
exhilarated to the eye of heaven. Out of
the trough of the deep it rises through
the steep wave, and for an instant
it is a gleam of light, and then, re-
sulting, were lifting up the sur-
fuculation in its strong arms to the Divine
Father, a new prayer ascends, with all
the simple trust, the forgetfulness, the
simplicity of a child, "O God, comfort
my mother!" And one element of
comfort we are sure will be to receive
the assurance from her brave boy, that
who shall she be, and who shall she
be? What a strangely confused and
brooked voyage the track of this niece
of the old woman would show, if married
upon her own account, and then, and
thither, forward and back, at the
caprice of the changing winds and
waves, and yet the blind forces of un-
derstanding they work slowly, making
at last bring, and the old woman
thither the unseen Hand guides it, till
the last wave of the incoming tide

posted it upon the strand. It would have fallen in with our ideas if a smart peal of thunder had roused them to the fact that the King's Messenger had brought so far the journey Dawson's letter; that now they were to undertake his further despatch to the heretic mother. But He that guided the letter through the vicissitudes of its long year of voyaging, can direct a casual eye to the chance of Plotskin and Tetraqui, and to the pale message

still legible upon its surface, thanks to a stout heart and strong nerve of the poet, and the whole is so. And so this precious missive was saved from being cast into the fire.

"Sinking!" The simple expression is dramatic enough in its way. It brings the whole scene as vividly before the imaginations as though many pages were occupied with the details of the night of the calamity. We do not choose to carefully picture the last mo-

ments of life and vital consciousness of this view, for we are in the presence of a glory which gilds and transfigures his story. The "sinking" is only a passing pang, and our faith cannot tarry over it. It is the "rising" which fills our thoughts, the glad news which kind of welcome the glorified "Church of the firstborn" gives to her who "when they draw nigh to the ivory gate and the golden," but we are taught that there is a correspondence between



"MAY THE LORD COMFORT MY MOTHER."

A SPOKANE MAN

aved from "Wobbling" Through
Reading the War Cry in
a Saloon.

have found many a War Cry in places where I never expected it. And anything that was good, and I always tried to get them too. I remember once I was sitting in a saloon in Spokane, Wash. I was full, and I was up my third hard-earned dollar, and I was thinking of going home. I thought that if I was a fool and a drunkard that that and that if I wanted to exist in this world I would have to face the future again, as a homeless, hopeless, penniless, weary outcast, and see if I could find some place where I could work to do, with a few dollars behind me, and then I could be earning within. On the table, where I was sitting, I found a War Cry, and I started to read it through it. I found a place where it said that I was a fool and a drunkard. I have seen and able to forget arguments and letters, just as sharp, as before, before, when I was sober and in my right mind, and I thought of all about it in a short time. Although I was not I almost crazed by whiskey and had that place seemed to hurt itself into my mind. Reading was "Wobbling," by General, and I was thinking of it and I had it for my special benefit, knowing my wobbling, undecided disposition. It was blowing to and fro with any wind that would come, and I thought as worth its while to raise a question. It was a long time before my conversion. It helped me wonderfully. The night when I was in the penitent-form it was as if I was in my mother's arms, and I was myself. At this, whatever I may or see, there shall, with the help of my friends, be a "wobbling." If God will, I will decide for eternity, and I will have the assurance and witness with myself that I have decided right, and I shall never ever make me "wobbling" again. I have been a member of my whole mind has been conformed on Christ. My experience has been a "wobbling" and I was saved,—even

Holiness Experience.

Just six years ago I heard a sermon preached on the doctrine of justification. On my way home that night, a wonderful feeling came over my mind, making me glad to see me right. There is no more fitting time than on the night of eternity to tell you what it did for me to receive the promise. As my important instruction, I felt my claim more strongly. At length I cried, "Lord, I will put up my claim until Thou dost give me the crown of life." And thus the claim was made, and I met my home at this juncture. My way was drawn heavenward, and, lifting my eyes, I exclaimed, "Bless Thy name, Thou art blessing me!"—for just then I felt the Spirit of God was streaming into my heart. Hardly the expression passed my lips than I felt I had been baptized with an invisible, manifold blessing. Henceforth I am a citizen of the Holy Ghost's home, and I shall abide in Him one and the same time. My eyes heavenward, I exclaimed, in exultation, "Thou art blessing me!"—and I felt given me the blessing! Surely I have been baptized with the Spirit! The manifold blessing was so almost to overcome my physical weakness, that I felt I was almost gone vent to my overwhelmed heart in bursts of praise for God's re-

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WAR CRY PLATFORM.

To the Front!



By MAJOR J. READ.

An Appeal for Sanctified Souls, Flesh, Blood and Brains.

A train-load of happy, jovial excursionists is telescoped by another coming in an opposite direction. In a moment the air is filled with the screams and groans of the maimed and dying; forty men and women are literally hurled into the presence of God—either to be **SAVED** or **DAMNED**!

A poor woman visits the city from her country home. Having done her shopping, she returns home on a street car. Only a few minutes had she been seated on that trailer when another car crushes into it, knocking the poor creature under the wheels. When extricated she was lifeless—crushed to death.

A merchant, apparently healthy and strong, living near the Toronto Temple, came to his business in the morning, took sick, returned home, and died in a few hours.

An officer left late to deal personally and plainly with an insubordinate young man on the front seat in an Army Barracks. He would not yield. Next day, Monday, his head was a void from his body on a railroad track. He took time to seek pleasure, but found **DEATH** and a pleasure-seeker's eternity.

NOW, WHAT IS THIS TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY?

The above are facts, and proofs of the awful certainty—and in many cases, suddenness of death. These awful records should stir the souls of every Christ-follower and especially those young, strong, healthy ones, who wear the blessed emblems of the Salvation Army.

The whole world lieth in the arms of the Devil. True, there are churches and religious institutions, almost numberless, and though some are led to think that people are growing better, it is not so. The Press is filled daily with blood-curdling accounts of murder, rapine, lust, robbery, forgery, and every other sin in the Devil's catalogue. God looks on and weeps over the countless multitudes of Christ-rejectors.

The holy angels cry out, "How long, O Lord!" Redeemed ones in Heaven and on earth lament and grieve over man's bitter fall. Surely then, "the curses that breathe on the air," "the fiends who on man's ruined nature tread should appeal loudly to, and stir the deepest, holiest, lovable feelings in the heart of every true Salvationist. It is not enough to be only touched with feeling and compassion for these erring multitudes, but the next step is to enter the breach, to mount the Cross, to consecrate, to leave all and follow the Lamb, though it may cost life, health, friends, money, reputation, character, yea, all in the undertakings."

Young, strong, healthy, well-saved men and women of this Territory have now, right before them, an open door, a blessed chance of becoming thoroughly-trained and efficient leaders of God's hosts, and winners of souls. The Commissioner's heart yearns for the Salvation of her Territory, and has accordingly determined to establish a good central Training Garrison for men and women at Toronto, in which all Ontario Cadets will be trained. Other Garrisons will be established in the Pacific, North-West, Eastern and Newfoundland Provinces.

This is short! Eternity is long! Millions are dying without hope in this world or in the next. These poor mortals need saviours.

Your time, talents, strength, energy and intellect should be given to God

and His Army for the Salvation of the world. Therefore, reader, rouse thyself and send your application to your Provincial Officer, without fail. If not, you may regret it in TIME AND IN ETERNITY!

Current - History.

It is claimed in Chicago that a vegetable powder has been discovered which, mixed with water, develops a very high electrical power.

The thermometer in Winnipeg has already dropped to 27 degrees below zero.

The citizens of Lawrence, Mass., have decided to ask the next Legislature to pass a bill making the playing of football a misdemeanor.

Chatham, Ont., City Council are spending \$2,000 to sink a test well for natural gas.

Two Canadians, Richard and John Beattie, have been arrested under martial law in Cuba. Their friends have brought the matter before Mr. Chambrlain, who promises to bring it to the attention of the Foreign Office.

The storm of Thursday, November 26th, in Manitoba was one of the severest on record. Railway trains were fully interfered with. The storm was followed by intensely cold weather.

Thanksgiving Day in Winnipeg was celebrated in a blizzard.

Twelve thousand dock laborers are on strike in Hamburg and neighboring ports.

Tom Mann, the English agitator, was arrested at Hamburg and sent out of the country.

A vote is being taken by the International Dock Laborers' Union in Europe on the question of declaring a general strike to support the Hamburg men now out.

About eighty persons are reported to have been lost in the floods at Athens, Greece.

Rev. Jas. Giller, pastor of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, says a despatch from Bloomington, Ill., of November 21st, was found dead in an alley at Decatur this morning. He had been shot and robbed of all valuables.

The rebellion in Madagascar has spread over nearly the whole island.

It is stated that the Imperial Government will ask for a credit of several millions for the rearmament of the artillery, increasing the infantry and reorganizing the transport service.

A report comes from Tokyo to the effect that Russia has been granted the right to build the Siberian railway through Chinese territory and defend it with Russian troops.

The 27th Punjab Regiment of Infantry became riotous, looted shops and wounded several persons who resisted them.

China is reported to be about reorganizing her navy and building a lot of ships of war under the direction of Li Hung Chang.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, in a letter to the National Armenian Relief Committee, New York, says as follows: "Europe and civilization still remain under the disgraceful reproach of having coldly tolerated a series of outrages to history's most monstrous known to perils."

Fifty Armenians of the First Congregational Church, Walden, Mass., thus express themselves to the American Commanders.

"Our Beloved Friends: 'We, the undersigned, assembled in the First Congregational Church, Malden, Mass., on Sunday, November 8th, 1896, having heard of the Christlike service the Salvation Army has rendered and is still rendering to our blood-seeked compatriots taking refuge in Europe and America, do hereby express our heartfelt gratitude to you as the Commanders of the Salvation Army, U. S. forces, and, through you, to General William Booth, and to all your comrades who have taken such a noble part in trying to ameliorate the sufferings of our persecuted, bleeding fellow countrymen. May you be blessed in the good work you have so nobly undertaken, and may you see the end of its long-endured persecution, bloodshed and rapine, and once more enjoy the blessings of liberty!'"

(Signed by fifty Armenians.)

The Manitoba School Question has at last been settled. Religious instruction and teaching to be given between the hours of 3.30 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and to be conducted by any Christian clergyman whose charge includes any portion of the school district, or by a person duly authorized by such clergyman, or by the teacher when so authorized, is the principal clause in the settlement.

The Thanksgiving proclamation by the President of the United States is a document worth the attention of some other governmental heads. It reads as follows:

"The people of the United States should ever be mindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for His watchful care, which has shielded them from disaster, and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts, their proneness to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices."

"To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, it is fitting that on a day especially appointed we should join together in approaching the Throne of Grace with praise and supplication."

Therefore I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate, and set apart, Thursday, the 26th day of the present month of November, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land.

"On that day, let all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and assemble in their accustomed places of worship; let them, with one accord, render thanks to the ruler of the universe for our preservation as a nation, and our deliverance from every threatened danger; for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries, for our defence against disease and pestilence during the year that has past; for the pious rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen, and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us."

"And let us, through the mediation of Him who has taught us how to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of Heavenly favor."

"Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity, let our offerings of praise be made more acceptable in the sight of the Lord."

"Witness my hand and the seal of the United States which I have caused to be hereto affixed."

"Done at the City of Washington, this 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the one hundred and twenty-first."

"RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State."

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

Mr. Alfred Austin, poet laureate, was nearly drowned in the Tweed by the upsetting of his boat.

Dr. Jameson, the hero of the Transvaal raid, is reported to be in a critical condition at Holloway Jail.

Mrs. James Reid, of Belleville, was burned to death by a lamp which was knocked from her hand and set fire to her clothing.

The citizens of Battleford and members of "C" Division of the North-West Mounted Police, have recently erected a pair of stone pillars and gates in memory of those who gave up their lives during the rebellion of 1885.

At Chambly Canton, Que., during a street fight between Italians employed on the public works and townspeople, two men were stabbed. One, Frederic Marx, died on the spot; the other, a Mr. Dube, is not expected to recover.

St. Paul, Minnesota despatches report a large number of people frozen to death, as well as cattle, etc., in a terrific blizzard.

During a visit of the Viceroy of India to Baroda, twenty-nine people were killed, and thirty-five injured by a crush at the gates of a park.



MAJOR SHARP, Provincial Officer, Kingston, Ont.

NEXT WEEK!

"REMINISCENCES."

OR

"To Run a Long Story Short."

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

IN THE

Christmas War Cry.

The tin wedding of Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs was celebrated on Monday, November 30th, by a surprise party, who stormed the Colonel's home about 6.30 p.m., every one armed with a tin household utensil of some sort or other.



The United States.

Colonel Holland has been appointed National Secretary for the United States Social work. The opening of the Negro work has been postponed until next Fall.

Brigadier Halpin has been appointed National Travelling Representative, and Major Marshall, late Editor of the Conqueror, is a National Travelling Special.

Staff-Captain Edith Marshall is now a Major and has charge of the Junior Soldiers' war. The Conqueror is to be enlarged with the January issue, and have a new dress.

Three great Congresses are to be held at Boston, New York and Chicago. Albuquerque, New Mexico, has been opened.

Ensign Fong Foo See, the only Chinese Staff-Officer in the world, sang "Peculiar folks we are," at Commissioner Higgins' farewell meetings at Prison.

San Jose, Cal., Corps has twenty-six Chinese Salvationists.

5,327 souls professed conversion in the Pacific Coast Chief Division from January 15th to October 31st.

The Chinese War Cry, San Francisco, will be a special Christmas one.

Major Deva Sundrum and Ensign Gunasekara, Hindus, are visiting the United States.

Philadelphia has 21 S. A. Corps.

England.

Brigadier Scott, late of our Eastern Province, has been appointed to the Manchester Division, (England).

The British Self-Denial amounted to over \$25,000.

168 souls sought Salvation and purity in the General's meetings on Sunday at Barrow.

Lieutenant-Colonel Lamb, private Secretary to the Chief of the Staff, has been appointed Trade Secretary at International Headquarters.

A large number of Chief Staff-Officers on the Field have changed appointments.

Four Captains Williams', four Thomas', three Johns', and ten others have been promoted to Ensigns in England.

The General recently spent a day at Nottingham, his native town.

Australia.

Major Etherington, appointed Editor-in-Chief of the Australian publications, has arrived at his post. His first act was to establish an Intelligence Bureau at the Territorial Headquarters for the prompt distribution to each of the Colonial periodicals the latest news from the Centre.

The Australian Self-Denial amounted to \$30,000, which is \$20,000 above last year's figures.

The Commandant's health has considerably improved.



Scenes in the Life of Brigadier Addie.

By MAJOR MUSS.

Scene IV.

Jack was haunted by a face. Not a very unusual thing in the case of a young man of his age.

Who, at the period of adolescence, has not been haunted either by the charming, golden-haired blonde, with her limpid blue eyes, or by the fascinating brunette, with her flashing black ones?

Jack was "hit hard" by a pair of "brownies," set in a full face—with whiskers.

Wherever he went, he saw that face. Those brown eyes looked into his over the counter, as he idly waited upon his customers. They beamed over his shoulder as he stood at the bar, and drank with his companions; and all the time they seemed to be wooing him to something, the which he could not understand. Strange faces, strange man, Jack thought. Who and what could he be? The mystery was soon to be solved.

One Sunday morning, Jack came walking listlessly down the street, prepared to go to a neighboring town for a day's outing. His chum, however, like Solomon's sluggard, was taking "yet a little sleep, a little slumber," and Jack was told to call again.

To while away the time he meandered down the street some distance, turned the first corner, and came upon what he thought to be a body of escapes from the nearest asylum. Verily, they were the most outrageous people he had ever met. Picture to yourself twenty people men and women, in the full flush of their first love for God, set loose to do anything to save souls. Put into their hands any instrument you can think of, throw in a tin pail beaten with sticks; to this scale set the whole party at work, and you will then have some idea of the contingent young Addie ran up against that morning.

In the course of the ring stood a little lame man, who waved a wizard's wand, in the shape of a cane, and who was announced as Captain Rees, the happy Welshman.

In spite of himself, the happy Welshman, and the cane, Jack followed this remarkable company to a hall close by, pressed in with the throng, for there was a great following, and took a seat.

He now discovered that there was method in all this apparent madness, and to his astonishment that he was in a religious meeting, and that this was the Salvation Army.

Jack had had plenty of religious instruction, but it had never been rubbed in after the manner of the Salvationists. In all his life he had not had such a drubbing. How he wriggled. The songs and prayers touched him to the quick. As for the assumption it was not so much what they said as the way in which they said it, that hit Jack.

He was immensely taken, too, with the story of a converted drunkard, who said: "Friends, you all know me, and what I have been. A few weeks ago my home was a hell upon earth. I spent my money in drink. My wife and children were scantily clothed and poorly fed, and to crown all was cruel to them; but I came to the Salvation Army, and heard that Jesus, the Son of God, could save a poor sinner like me. I have vowed, and I want to fulfil, and He saved me; my wife is saved, my children are saved, and my home is now a happy one. Instead of spending my money at the public-house I care for my family. Does any one here think I have done wrong?"

Jack was no logician, but he saw sound reasoning here, and in his young as he was, he answered in the negative.

Then commenced a prayer-meeting, mighty, powerful, and soul-moving. Jack was growing worse all the time.

Some one spoke to him, went away and came back again. Pressed him, persuaded, Jack jumped up, knelt over two seats, and found himself at the penitent-form, but whether on his head or his heart, he never knew.

He was soon surrounded by a red-hot band, who prayed him into the Kingdom, and that morning Jack Addie found, to his great joy, that "the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins."

Jack knew now what made the wear of that strange face so happy, and how he could endure without protest the rough handling of an ungodly mob. As for the sluggard, Jack left him in bed. He may be there now for all he knows. He never went back to inquire.

Scene V.

The old gentleman was indignant! Since the maggot had gotten into Jack's head there was no doing anything with him, he said.

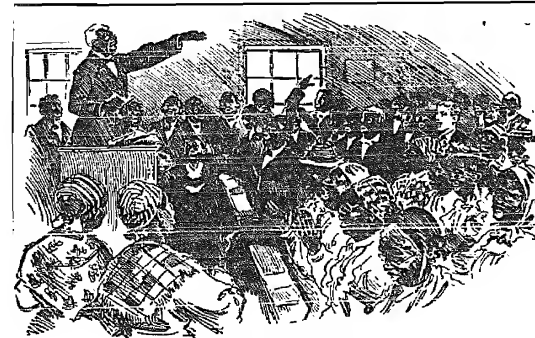
As for himself, he could not see what laymen wanted to be meddling with preaching for. Why could they not leave it to God's "moonshiners," who were set apart for it, and were educated also, which was meet.

Jack however had it in his bones. How could he go on and not offer for the work? Did he not feel the call? When he kept silence his bones waxed old, and he was threatened with spiritual rheumatism. What was selling drapery compared to saving souls? He felt he must become an Officer.

And the old gentleman felt he must, too, unless he could do something to prevent it. A long-cherished wish to emigrate was revived, and he at last decided to send him to Canada. Jack would then be away from the influence of the Army, and in a new country would, he hoped, soon forget all about it.

Like a good Scotchman, he was long in making up his mind, but once decided he immediately put his resolution into practice, and in a few months Jack found himself in London, Canada, where he rapidly settled down to his changed environment, and east about for some spiritual home.

Poor Jack felt like a fish out of water. He had been saved in a warm community, and he sighed for the fire. Wherever he went there was something lacking. One institution was too dry, another too wet, while yet a third was too cold; but away out at the end of the city he discovered the "Church of the Colored Brethren," and to this he often repaired when his day's work was over, and when the church was open, to stir up the embers of the fire he felt smouldering within him. Here he could shout "Glory!" to his heart's content.



"Come, Bredders, Deah."

With his ebony fellow-workshippers Jack sang:

"Come, bredders heah
Who lub de Lawd,
And taste de sweets
Ob Jesus' Word."

Elder Lightfoot would afterwards deliver a disquisition on "De grate sittin-up mornin'," and when the Elder warned to his subject, which he often did, Jack would join in with the shouters and cheer the old man on.

But this kind of thing was solely for his own benefit.

Jack felt all the time that he ought to strike out on the Army lines. He saw about him crowds of people out of the pale of the Church, who, he knew, could be reached by Army methods. Ah! how many times the spirit was stirred, and Jack's conscience received an impulse.

One night, however, at a little cottage prayer-meeting he was conducting, a tall young fellow got up and sang:

"I'm living beneath the shade of the Cross,
Counting the jewels of earth but dross."

It was a song of "Home, Sweet Home," a song that reached Jack's heart in a peculiar sense. Like an exile who hears the songs of his native land and boyhood days after the lapse of many years, and the sound of his native tongue after long silence, Jack's eyes filled with tears, and his heart with joy. Here, at last, was the consolation he sought, for Jack's strain of Scotch blood told him that "two were better far than one for counsel or for fight."

As soon as the little meeting had closed, Jack went down to the young man and said, "Have you ever been a Salvation Army Soldier?"

"Not quite," was the reply, "but I was sanctified in the Army."

"You're the fellow I've been looking for the last six months!" said Jack.

"And so are you!" the other replied. Whereupon the two fell upon each other's necks, and hugged each other vigorously, somewhat to the astonishment of those who remained.

SCENE VI.

At the next cottage meeting, Jack asked for volunteers for the open-air work.

These "Soldiers of the Cross" weren't built that way. Some of them reckoned it was hard enough to serve God inside, without going out on the street to do it publicly. And, besides, it wasn't orthodox.

Even the leader of the meeting that evening questioned the wisdom of it, and particularly that of giving up the indoor service (with a congregation of thirty) to go into the open-air (with a possible congregation of three thousand). Still, he could not, of course, decide for them. They must do that themselves.

So they decided, and Jack and Joe (for Jack's friend in need was Joe Ludgate) linked arms, and went and put up at the corner of Wellington and Dundas street, in the busiest part of the city, and where the greatest crowd of people passed to and fro.

Jack gave out, "I'm a soldier bound for glory." He had not finished the verse before they were thronged by a multitude.

Street preachers in those days were a very scarce commodity. As a matter of fact, there wasn't much call for them. They were in the habit of taking their religion rather weak, with a little sugar in it. This kind was a trifle too strong, and evidently a foreign importation. It was not, so to write, indigenous to the soil. After events will show, however, that it was at least easily transplanted. Still, I must not moralize, or denigrate, as the case may be.

To the corner. After the verse had been lined out and sung through, a policeman (with that perverted faculty for turning up when not wanted, and where not wanted) arrived on the scene, and pro-

their open-air meeting as usual, a notorious drunkard named "Whiskey Mason," who was a "snak," came up and began to interject funny remarks. He kept this up to such an extent that they were obliged to close early. As they were marching off with the two or three followers who occasionally assisted them, Addie put his arm through Mason's, and led him along as meek as a lamb.

For the first time the hall was filled, the crowd simply jammed the chairs aside, and jamming it out, did not all. They wanted to see what these peculiar fellows were going to do with their prisoner.

Jack led Mason right up to the penitent-form, and at once prayed for him, while his companions followed this by singing and prayer. Mason, however, was in such a dazed condition that, to use his own words, he "could not see it as they saw it," so Jack closed the meeting, and he and Ludgate took their "catch" home.

Now, Jack and Joe had two special leather helmets made, with a white frontlet which read, "Prepare to meet thy God," and when Mrs. Mason saw them coming with her husband, she concluded he had fallen into the hands of the police again.

They, however, soon reassured her, and made her feel they were her friends. They put Mason to bed, and one of them watched him all night. In the morning, when the "craving" came on him, they gave him strong coffee, and kept him in bed. To make sure that he should not escape them, they further paid a man to watch by his bedside all day.

Mason had not been sober for thirty years. The whiskey had completely saturated his system, and as soon as his supply was cut off he became weak and ill.

For ten days they looked after him, sat up with him by night, and bled him to watch him by day. At the end of that period he had recovered, and came to the open-air meeting, where he got soundly converted.

This was a great catch, and as an advertising medium was worth thousands to them. In this connection it may also be remarked that "Whiskey" was in everybody's mouth. Even the Pastor of the Presbyterian Church mentioned the conversion, and wondered if the conversion was permanent. After this, their hall was filled at every meeting.

Now the tide rose rapidly. Every night Jack and his companions landed a fine catch of fish, inasmuch that the hall soon became too small, and Jack went off to negotiate for a large skating rink which was standing empty in another part of the town.

(To be continued.)

MAJOR COLLIER AT WINNIPEG.

6 a.m. Knee-Drill—Promotions—Shea's Army—Sons Saved.

MAJOR COLLIER led the meetings at Winnipeg all day yesterday. We went in for souls from the start; Knee-Drill at 6:30 a.m. God was very near. One for pardon and one for deliverance. The Holiness Meeting was a beauty, and three more sought forgiveness. Two had never been saved before, the other was an ex-Sergeant-Major from the West. Afternoon good, deep conviction. None yielded. The Major promoted Cadets Brown and Fraser, of the Shelter, to the rank of Lieutenant. Night, barracks crowded, had to get extra seats from the small hall. Beautiful feeling in the meeting, and two for pardon. We have just returned from early Knee-Drill this morning, where one who was wounded yesterday surrendered. We are in for victory. Shea's Army worked well.—T. H. C.



God be merciful to me, a sinner!

"Some people have said,
"The devil is dead!"
And they give a sweet, satisfied smile
"Well, then," we replied,
"Selling Satan has died,
Who is selling his work all the while?"

That
Blood.

All red with the
Land of God. The
It was Self-Denial.

Our leader
holy zeal, was
help. She had d
men, the cr
spirited. Mrs.
Booth-Hel
merian refugees
just at this event
ing when the Pa
of that blood-red
to the help of
fallen.

ALL RED! I
love the red
gery, our
Army emblems!
white hand was
blood. It was
ALL! I
we cherish the
rificant symbol!
brings us near
blood of Jesus
flames, makes
eased mortals
our blood is shed
heart. Christ's
blood flows! Tr
Fountain filled
The blood can
VILEST clean!

WHOSE BLOOD
THE LAMB OF
Own Son, Heav
ant: the King
to save the voi
broken body and
again, dear red
deed would it b
arch in die, to
wicked subjects.
every fallen mi
that GAVE H
the Flower of H
EVER believeth
perish but HA
LIFE. Can you
Then there is h
Salvation for th
the slave, power
for the sick, joy
Heaven for al
bought by the
cricket down f
dear Lamb of C
O. sluner, e
O. Soldier,
Dear Jo

Self-Denial.

By ADJUTANT

Glas

In one Corps I
ed, a man, about
builder, laid as
a full table, an
denied himself,
day, and lived
water. This man
wer, and I give
ledge of him,
that was good,

In the City of
expressions of I
I remember tw
on bread and w
TWENTY DOLL
deed they took
God and soul
Officers to-day.

Some people
Lodge fees, Insu
Lord sets a st
converts put G
prosper soldiers
praying for the
rich.

A Sergeant-M
last year was
promised donat
breast, he, on
from door to d
burels and w
the facing \$3
This man was
ter, a cheer
blessing in hel

Real, practical
will do more
than a big
subject.

Lord, help us
Word!

air meeting as usual, a no-
runkard named "Whiskey"
came up to interfere funny remarks
up to such an extent that
obliged to chase early. As
marching off with the two or
over who occasionally assist
and led him along on meek

first time the hall was filled,
simply pushing the chairs
stamping it out, else and
wanted to see what these
shows were going to do with

Mason right up to the pen-
and at once prayed for his
companions followed this up
and prayer. Mason, how-
in such a dazed condition
his own words, he "could
see they saw it," so Jack
their "crazy" home.

Jack and Joe had two special
dramas made, with a white
read, "Prepare to meet
him," and when Mrs. Mason saw
ing with her husband, she
he had fallen into the hands
age again.

ever, soon reassured her,
her feet they were her

Mason to bed, and one of
bed him all night. In the
when the "craving" came on
grave him strong coffee, and
bed. To make sure that he
escape them, they further
to watch by his bedside

and not been sober for this.
The whiskey had completely
his system, and as soon as
was cut off he became weak

days they looked after him;
him by night, and said
to watch him by day. At
that period he had recover-

one to the open-air meeting,
an arrest catch, and as an ad-
dendum was worth thousands
in this connection it may
be marked that "Whiskey" was

Presbyterian Church mem-
ber, and he was a member of
the hall was filled at every

the rose rapidly. Every
and his companions hand-
ed of fish, inasmuch that
the entire too small, and Jack

negotiate for a large skate,
which was a swimming empty
part of the town.

To be continued).

SOLLIER AT WINNIPEG.

**Drill-Promotions-Share
my-Soul's Saved.**

SOLLIER led the meetings
all day yesterday. We
suits from the start. Kne-

a. m. God was very near,
rdon and one for deliver-
Holiness Meeting was a
the most successful ever
never been saved before;

as an ex-Sergeant-Major
est. Afternoon good, deep
and yielded. The whole
adets Brown and Frazer,

to the rank of Lieuten-
Barracks crowded; had
cents from the small hall.

ing in the meeting, and
on. We have just returned
Knee-Drill this morning.

he was wounded yesterday.
We are in for victory.
worked well.—T. H. C.

reful to me, a sinner!

people have said.
will be dead?"
a sweet, satisfied smile,
then," we replied.
Satan has died,
his work all the while?"



By J. READ.

"At rest with the freshness of the Blood of the
Lamb of God."

It was Self-Denial Sunday, November
2nd. Our leader, with fiery eye
and holy zeal, was pleading for financial
help. She had depicted the suffering
Armenians, the cry of the starving, the
glorified way in which her sister Lucy—
Mrs. Booth-Holliday—fed the Ar-
menian refugees in Syria, etc. It was
just at this eventful time of the meet-
ing when the Field Commissioner pic-
tured the agony of Jesus, telling us
of that blood-red hand and stretched
out the help of the down-trodden and
fallen.

ALL RED! Precious Color! How
we love the red of our hat bands, our
garments, our banners, and other
Army emblems! Yes, Christ's fair, lily-
white hand was stained for His own
Army. It was dyed freely for ALL!
ALL! ALL! Is it any wonder
we cherish the red? But what a signifi-
cant symbol it is! The blood that
flows from the open-air meeting, the
blood of Jesus washes, cleanses, puri-
fies, makes white as snow. What fright-
ened mortals we are if a few drops of
our blood is shed! Say, from Christ's
head, Christ's hands, Christ's feet, the
blood flows! Precious Redeemer! A
Fountain filled with blood! Hallelujah!
The blood can—and does—make the
VILEST clean!

**WHOSE BLOOD? THE BLOOD OF
THE LAMB OF GOD.** Jesus, God's
Own Son, Heaven's brightest inhabit-
ant; the King of Glory, condescending
to save the world, but only by His
broken body and shed Blood. Think
again, dear reader. Remarkable, in-
deed would it be for an earthly man-
ner to die, to spill his blood for his
wicked subjects. But God SO LOVED
every fallen man, woman and child
that he GAVE His Only Begotten Son—
the Flower of Heaven—that WHOEVER
BELIEVETH ON HIM should not PER-
ISH but HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE.
Can you grasp its meaning? Then
there is hope for the loudest. Sal-
vation for the sinner, freedom for
the slave, power for the faint, healing
for the sick, joy for the mourner, and
Heaven for all—for all this was
bought by the precious Blood that
trickled down from the hand of the
dear Lamb of God.

O, sinner, come to Him!
O, Soldier, fight for Him!
Dear Jesus of Calvary!

Self-Denial Converts.

By ADJUTANT MCGILLIVRAY, New
Glasgow, N. S.

In one Corps in which I was station-
ed, a man, about fifty years of age, a
bulldog, laid aside the good things of
a full table, and, with his comrades,
denied himself, working ten hours a
day, and lived on brown bread and
water. This man was the Corps Treas-
urer, and I give it as my personal knowl-
edge of him. He was a lover of all
that was good, and decidedly practical.

In the City of K., among the many
expressions of interest and hard work,
I remember two comrades who lived
on bread and water and collected some
TWENTY DOLLARS. I always re-
membered they took a keener interest in
God and souls afterwards. Both are
Officers to-day.

Some people pay everybody else—
Lodge fees, insurance fees, etc., but the
Lord tests a man's nobility. Self-Denial
converts put God first. How can a man
properly spiritually who robs God? His
sinner for the showmen don't go very
high.

A Sergeant-Major in one of my Corps
last year was disappointed in some
promised donations; but, not to be
put down, he, on one enlarged self, went
from door to door and collected empty
barrels and sold them and made up
the lacking \$3.00 to make his gift.
This man was a tremendous talker,
but loved God and was a true Sol-
dier, a cheer to the Officers and a
blessing in helping on the war.

Real, practical, Christlike Self-Denial
will do more to enlarge and inspire
souls than a big trunk of books on the
subject.

Lord, help us all to be doers of the
Word!

THE WAR CRY.

THE CROWN OF THORNS.

BY THE GENERAL.

"Then the soldiers of the Governor took
Jesus into the common hall, and strip-
ped him, and on him a scarlet robe,
And when they had platted crown of
thorns, they put it upon his head, and a
reed in his hand; and they bowed the
knee before him; and mocked him, say-
ing, Hail, King of the Jews!"—Matthew
xxvii, 27, 28, 29.

JESUS CHRIST is the Salvationist's
example. He is his entire man. In hu-
manity, character, teaching, and suf-
fering, he must copy Him. He must fol-
low Him fully, and the more exact the re-
semblance, the happier, the more useful,
and the greater satisfaction to the good
Father will the Salvationist be.

But wherein most this resemblance lie?
The Salvationist cannot merit mercy.
He can't share in the glory of his Master.
No, he must not try. That
work was perfectly accomplished by his
Lord. Jesus Christ obtained sufficient
satisfaction to meet all the
wants of the world, and perhaps of all
other worlds as well, and that for all
eternity.

The Salvationist may not be called to
die. It may not be his work to hang
in agony upon a cross, he torn to pieces
in a wild beast's den, or be burnt in a
fiery fire of the stake. Very probably
not. Still he must offer up his life to
be employed in the service of his Saviour,
whether or no he may be called to lay it
down. That must remain at the good
pleasure of his Lord. Martyrdom of the
old bloodthirsty kind has gone out of
fashion, amongst civilized peoples any-
where. Modern Christians mostly die in
their beds.

But if it is not given to the Salvationist
to react in exact form the deeds and
sufferings of his Lord, he will come
very near to it in spirit if he be a faith-
ful soldier, and in nothing more so than
in the matter of this Crown of Thorns.

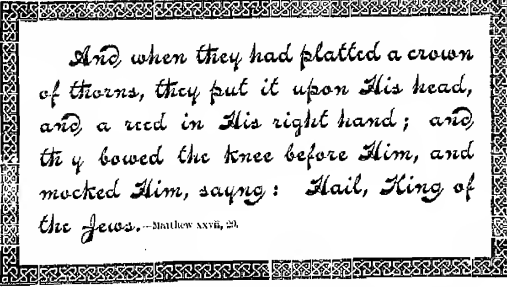
Perhaps in few things do the lower

A celebrated Frenchman once said, "It
is ridiculous that kills." The statement is
correct. How many benevolent plans and
purposes have been laughed off the stage
of action—laughed out of existence alto-
gether. How many holy resolutions and
heavenly consecrations have been mocked
out of men's hearts and lives, and, as a
result, how many of such empty hearts
repossessed by the devil, may be truly
said to have been laughed into hell! Well
does Satan know this, and his power to
mock the work and warfare of Jesus
Christ appear ridiculous is marvellous.
The extent to which this is so could not
well be believed if the thing were not in
such effective and active operation around
us.

That fools should make a mock of sin
—which the wise man discovered, they
did in his day, and which we know they
do in ours—is a wonder. But that they
should make sport for the laborers and sac-
rifices God and man make for their res-
cue from sin and its consequences is a
greater wonder still. It is as though a
murderer should make a laughing matter
of his crime, and then turn into sport the
efforts his friends are making to save
him from the gallows.

Anyways, this is the treatment ex-
tended freely to the Salvationist, and he
must be willing to have it so. It was
thus with his Lord on this occasion,
as on others, and "the disciple is not
above his Master." He must accept as
a part of his lot The Wearing of the
Thorns.

Every successful Reform Movement
—which we know they say they go
through three distinct stages: First,
Ridicule; Second, Persecution; and
Third, Success. So far, the Army is
largely in the First Stage, and unless
the world gets more sense to under-
stand where it is, and where we are,
or sufficient grace to help us, our
side, I fear it will be a long time before



*And when they had platted a crown
of thorns, they put it upon His head,
and a reed in His right hand; and
they bowed the knee before Him, and
mocked Him, saying: Hail, King of
the Jews.*—Matthew xxvii, 28.

we emerge from the stage on which
we have entered.

The ridicule, however, that we have
so freely been called to suffer has not
prevented our advance—that is, so far
as we have gone. Ten thousand thou-
sands and thanks for the many brave hearts
that have given their lives in the armor of
Christianity, against the shafts of
mockery have fallen harmless.
Laughed at, they have laughed again; but
power above the fear of man, they
have also been lifted above its scorn.
Still, ridicule has been one of the
most powerful weapons forged against
the Salvation Army, and we may say
one of the most successful. Denigratory
language of the character of Practical
Religion, too idle or too busy to look
at us at close quarters, our critics have
formed the falsest notions respecting
the movement, and then either out of
jealousy or spite, industriously spread
their distorted notions abroad. On the
one hand we have been described as the
most imposters, juggling with Religi-
on for the sake of early gain or no-
torious; and on the other, while sin-
cerity has been conceded, conducting
ourselves and our services in a Mumbo-
Jumbo fashion, without either religion
or reason, destitute of all decency,
order, and sound doctrine.

How many have come to our Gates,
looked in there, and declined to enter
on account not because they
thought there was any just reason for
this ridicule, but knowing the world's
feelings they have felt unable, or un-
willing, to bear the attack, and so by
compromise have gone over to some
less pronounced Organization, which
has, in its own estimation, and to its
own satisfaction, found the happy me-
dium of being neither too hot nor too
cold to serve God and his regeneration,
and yet keep clear of the scorn and
contempt of the Christless crowd! How
many, in trying to find this middle
path, have gone back altogether, and
how many more have entered our
ranks and done well for a season, and

then disappeared altogether, slain by
the "laughter of fools."

Yes, ridicule kills. I have no doubt
that if we Salvationists were being
burned at Smithfield to-day, a portion
of this very crowd that now industri-
ously avoids us would be sharing our
pain and penalties; but because we
are the contempt of a Laodicean
Church, or the laughing-stock of a God-
less world, they go by on the other
side, leaving us to struggle forward as
best we can.

(To be Continued).

OUR OLD COMRADE,

Ensign Woodgate, who is Very Sick,
Visited by Brigadier Scott, in
England.

I am always glad to meet Salvation-
ists, especially those who have been in
the land of the Maple Leaf, and stand
at the front of the battle, borne the
heat of the war, lead on God's host,
conquered the foe, and done valiant
service for the Kingdom of Heaven.
Good old Army!

It was my privilege, quite unexpect-
edly, I assure you, to visit an Officer
who for some time stood on the
platforms in Canada. Ensign Wood-
gate will be remembered by a large
number of Canadian soldiers, as will his
wife. This Officer is the one I now
refer to, God bless him!

I was sorry to find this precious Com-
rade as unwell. Hearing, Commissioner
or Comrade mention his name and the
question of a visit to his bedside, I
made request to go also. The Commis-
sioner had worked hard all day with
the dear General; nevertheless, he
must see this General Woodgate, even if
it did mean getting up at 6 a. m. Yes,
five, for our train left about six.

Dear Woodgate! how glad he was
to see the Commissioner! It was almost
too much for him at the first. He
talked freely and was not at all back-
ward in his expressions for God and
the Army. He appeared to gather a
little strength as he went on, and told
us of his love for the "Good old Army."

He was very much interested in the
war, and inquired about things, as well
as expressing himself hopeful in God.
"Oh," he said, "if I could only get out
again, I would ring out, 'Good old
Army!' and give them a new salva-
tion." This was said so earnestly and
sincerely, and with such a desire and
yearning. Still, he had no regrets in
making, and looked back with joy to his
faithful service.

He mentioned two sisters who were
just going into the field, and felt cheer-
ed at the thought of them going to the
battle's front. He still loved the War,
and had no regrets to make in giving
his life to God and the Army. His sky
was clear, and he could say, "Thy will
be done."

Had he a message for his old Com-
rades? Why, yes. "Give them my love,
and tell them to fight on to the end, to
stand by the Army, and go on with
their work of saving souls." And
gladly, dear Ensign, will I send this
message. I will pray for you.

We said good-bye and left this noble
warrior in the hands of our Lord and
King. His dear wife bears up remark-
ably well. God bless her! I am sure
prayer will ascend on their behalf by
all Salvationists, and that all will com-
fort and bless, and just make this will
known in this matter. Pray!

Now, my dear Comrades, here is a
message for you from this saint of
God and Soldier of the Cross. You
have received a good number of mes-
sages from time to time regarding
yourselves and work in general. Shall
not this one tend to urge you on in the
path of devotion and self-sacrifice?
Could you have seen this Officer, I am
sure you would have felt touched by
divine pity, and felt like pushing on the
war more and more. Oh, for more
FEELING! FEELING! FEELING!

God be with you, precious Comrades,
and keep you under His wing, shelter
you with His power, guide you with
His Spirit, and fill you with His love
always. Amen and Amen!

Be faithful, be good, and fight on to
the end.

Believe me as your old Comrade,

T. W. SCOTT.

A COMRADE GONE.

Ensign Woodgate, so well-known in
Ontario and the East, has just been
promoted to glory from Stockport, Eng-
land. Commissioner Connors and Briga-
dier Scott visited him just before he
died.

Ensign Woodgate was a brother of
Mrs. Captain O'Neil, of Brampton and
Lieutenant Woodgate, of Winton.
Other members of the family are Sol-
diers in Canada and the United States.
Our Comrades have the deep sympathy
of all their Comrades in the loss of
their brave warrior brother.

GOD-GLORIFYING!
CHRIST-MAGNIFYING!
SAINT-INSPIRING!

THE CHRISTMAS WAR CRY NEXT WEEK!

ONLY 5 CENTS.

16 PAGES—20 WITH COVER.

Entrancing!
Fascinating!
Charming!
Solid!
Substantial!
Inspiring!

A BIG VARIETY OF

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BOOMERS.
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The P.O.'s, the D.O.'s, the F.O.'s, the L.O.'s, the Soldiers will be Represented—No Family Circle Should be Without it.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

writes a profusely illustrated article entitled:

"REMINISCENCES."

being a series of word-pictures of some of the most thrilling moments of the Commissioner's experience as an Army Officer.

Here are a few:

"In the British Commons."

"A Slum Scene."

"Highgate Salvation Marvels."

"Her Glass and His Tongue."

is the title of a story by Ensign Page.

"THE STORY-TELLER,"

an entirely new and novel thing; will be one of the most fascinating productions ever issued from our presses. A great number of prominent and well-known Officers will take part.

"Our Veterans,"

being messages from some of the oldest Soldiers in the ranks, is heart-stirring and soul-blessing.

But we have not space to tell the many beauties of this wonderful number of the wonderful War Cry, only to say that it will be such a live, glowing, stinging, stirring five cents' worth of Salvation Army as must make the demons around this Territory howl with fiendish vexation, and sink into the back-ground like whipped cream.

WAR CRY

The Big Financial Victory in Toronto.

Glory be to God! "Toronto the Good" is still good to do a magnificent thing for God and the war when called upon.

THE Commissioner's great financial effort at the Temple on the first day of the Special Week was a splendid success, and no doubt helped the faith and efforts of our comrades in the remaining portion of the Territory.

It not only broke the record for Toronto and the Territory, but, so far as we know, for the world, for there is no record of any day's gatherings totaling \$1427, the first day of the Self-Denial Week.

Those who know Toronto will see the significance of this, and perhaps be encouraged to add their faith to that of the worthy District Officers for a full manifestation of that revival, the beginning of which we have already experienced.

The Christmas War Cry Next Week

Truth is stranger than fiction, and reality more fascinating than romance, and those who invest the modest five cents in our next week's issue will undoubtedly realize this when they have perused the thrilling stories with which the all-active pages of the Christmas Cry will teem. It will be a fairly representative Cry, its great variety of contributors including some of almost every rank in the Army, from the Field Commissioner down.

The Christmas War Cry will be profusely illustrated and its lithographed cover is declared by all who have seen it to excel anything we have done yet. The worth of our special issues has been fully attested, not only by our own Officers and Soldiers, who have been loud in their appreciation of past issues, but by the press of our Territory, which has bestowed the highest praise on what has been done in this line in the past.

These special issues call for a good deal of skilful and painstaking work, not only from the contributor and Editor and worker, but from the etching, composing and press departments, and such work will, as heretofore, be freely given so that we can promise the forty thousand purchasers of the coming Christmas number that from beginning to end of the whole process it will have the united, honest and hearty effort of one and all engaged upon it, to produce the very best thing up-to-date.

Don't fail to purchase a copy.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

CAPTAIN CAVE, Newfoundland Provincial Headquarters, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN KENWAY, Eastern Province, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN MOSS, Lamaline, to be Ensign.

LIEUTENANT SHEPHERD, Morton's Harbor, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT JAMES, Merring Neck, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BENNETT, Carbon-car, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT TILLEY, Lamaline, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT SPARKS, Burlin, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT CAVE, Triton, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT HOWELL, Gooseberry Island, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT NORMAN, Seal Cove, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT BRACE, Channel, to be Captain.

LIEUTENANT LESTER, Special Work, to be Captain.

CADET CLARK, Twillingate, to be Lieutenant.

CADET JAMES, Harbor Grace, to be Lieutenant.

CADET DEWITTA, Napance, to be Lieutenant.

CADET HIND, Pletton, to be Lieutenant.

CADET CARTER, Odessa, to be Lieutenant.

CADET M. JAMES, Burlin, to be Lieutenant.

CADET CUMMINGS, Grand Bank, to be Lieutenant.

CADET T. PITCHER, Bonavista, to be Lieutenant.

CADET POLLITT, Indian Arm, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN KENWAY, Southern District, Newfoundland.

ENSIGN MOSS, St. John's II.

CAPTAIN BENNETT, Hearts' Delight.

CAPTAIN TILLY, Western Bay.

CAPTAIN SPARKS, Grand Bank.

CAPTAIN CAVE, Fortune.

CAPTAIN HOWELL, Seal Cove.

CAPTAIN NORMAN, Tilt Cove.

CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, Triton.

CAPTAIN BRACE, Gooseberry Island.

LIEUTENANT CLARK, Grand Bank.

LIEUTENANT JAMES, Exploits.

LIEUTENANT CUMMINGS, Fortune.

LIEUTENANT M. JAMES, Tilt Cove.

LIEUTENANT PITCHER, Chailina.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, C. mission v.

Nothing more or less than an extra special edition of the War Cry, — a Christmas number, with a Colored Front Page, showing the Commissioner in winter costume, caught in a snow-storm. All who have seen the proof declare it the finest thing yet, as far as a colored front page is concerned.

As to what is inside of the covers, I leave this to others to tell. The cover is worth the price without any inside, although there are sixteen other pages. The price—Ten cents, did you say? It should be, and many would like it to be, but all the same it is not to be — only FIVE cents. We are getting generous and are giving a Cry worth ten cents for five.

The Commissioner welcomes, installs, introduces, swears in, — whichever way you like, — Major Pugmire, as Provincial Officer of the Eastern Province. This gives St. John an early second visit, which will be very much appreciated. Not only does the Commissioner welcome the Major and his dear wife, but we all join in the chorus, and shout "Welcome!"

The Major has struck a proper place, and a proper people. Let them have the real, old-fashioned Salvation Army, Major! It suits them beautiful, — the more the better. May the blessing of God rest upon you, and lead the Eastern warriors to Victory!

Candidates, hurry up! How slow some of you are in coming! Some have come, others are on the way. A certain Candidate, in a certain City, went to a certain medical man to be examined as a Candidate for the work.

The Doctor carefully examined him, and reports as follows: "I took this Candidate in to family worship, happening at the moment; I handed him the Bible. He read and prayed, and as I find him sound spiritually and physically, I have much pleasure in recommending him."

Brigadier Margetta has paid the Territorial Headquarters a visit. He came to see the Commissioner on special business. Many things he discussed, and made known many wants, getting some of them supplied, and others postponed for a more convenient season. He appeared well pleased with his visit and goes back full of faith for the winter's campaign. Talk about plans and schemes, — any amount of them! If I had an Officer's Quarters fixed up in it, then it won't be the Brigadier's fault.

Adjutant Hunter, of Stratford, we are sorry to hear, is far from being well. We fear it will be necessary for him to have a rest.

Mrs. Major Cooper is improving. It will be necessary for her to rest, too, shortly.

Ensign and Mrs. Wiseman called at Headquarters, going to rest at Collingwood. We ask our comrades to remember them and all other sick warriors, in their prayers.

DOINGS OF THE STAFF AND For Self-Denial.

We commenced on Friday by going to Lippicott, where Colonel Jacobs conducted a united meeting to launch the Self-Denial effort in the city. A rousing march preceded this meeting, in which the Colonel gave us an inspiring practical address. The Chief Secretary having to leave early, Major Gaskin took the reins. Several Officers spoke, and we finished up with a real red-hot, all-active prayer meeting. One man volunteered for Salvation.

Sunday was the day of days which we spent with the Commissioner at the Temple. The Band worked hard, enjoyed the meetings and received rich blessings. Able hands than mine have already reported these meetings.

At the Temple.

Monday night we marched out in fast falling rain, the lively martial strains of the music causing many to stop, and not a few kindly remarks were made on the excellent playing. Inside Major Gaskin led, The Band, — brass, string, etc., — gave a splendid musical festival, which was thoroughly enjoyed. The playing and singing was lovely. Ensign Kenning sang "Crowned with Thorns" and Staff-Captain Minnie finished the meeting with an earnest heart talk. Many were in tears, but none yielded. Over four dollars for Self-Denial fund was obtained.

At Lippicott.



ADJ. ONSLOW.

In charge of Lippicott Training Garrison and Corps.

Wednesday night the rain poured down, too heavy for a march, but the boys were not to be outdone, so they ascended to the roof, and discoursed sweet, thrilling music there. A nice crowd gathered inside. The band did well, following nearly the same programme as on Monday. Staff-Captain Minnie again spoke straight to the people's hearts; one man came forward, but did not seem to understand, being under the influence of drink. May God save him. \$2.25 was given for Self-Denial here.

Lisgar St.

Thursday night at Lisgar Street was a glorious time. Fine night, splendid march, barracks nearly full, Band excelled themselves. "Twas a season of joy and blessing! The Chief Secretary was in command, and gave us what he termed a one-cent address. 'Twas well worth the price, being very pungent and practical. We finished up with one soul and seven dollars to swell our Self-Denial Target.

At every place we received a hearty invitation to "come again," the people were so delighted. — A. Gaskin.

The following scriptural quotation in big type appeared across three columns of The Globe, (Toronto) on Thanksgiving Day:

Thou, Lord, has made me glad through Thy work. I will triumph in the works of Thy hands. — Psalm xcii, 4.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for His mercy endureth for ever. — Psalm cxlv, 1.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men. — Psalm cxviii, 8.

TORONTO

Big

THE

H A-HA-HA! for the first day of the year. It deserves the world. They use Toronto, "in the my" this is an

This record-book took place on Sunday at—mark the place! onto. It happened Commissioner, went Self-Denial, that some of us think the Commissioner self left to deny on to a better decision that site was Denial Campaign, and that an effort for a sum which famous old battle to the world than us, enabling us to

Accordingly, I the target for the

\$1,000! It qui breath away to one day?" At the type of half around amongst thought it a bl "We shall do it

Prayer

The Commissioner quarters' noon, which she told 22nd, laid it before prayer, in which session of many

The morning of time. The Con earnestly and for "For God so loved gave His only B soever believed perish but have at the close their full spectacle of ing their vows Lord. An excell at the commence work as well as

The afternoon

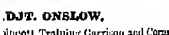
A great crowd who know the stand that it w day afternoon say that the g opened, was su The Commis address of an li nature, interspe on by our ad

Biggest Total for the First Day of Self-Denial in the World.

\$1,417

ON THE ALTAR IN THE OLD TEMPLE.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER LEADING ON.



\$1.417 on the Self-Denial Altar at the Temple, Toronto

A Desperate Battle

To be Fought in Newfoundland.

1,150 Prisoners to be Taken and 465 New Soldiers to be Mustered in this Winter—A Council of War does Business.

Among the many things discussed in a recent Staff Council held by the Newfoundland Provincial Officer was the increase of souls, and our Soldiers' Roll. The District Officers, without exception, quite agreed with the Major that the coming winter months should be a time of advance all around, and accordingly fixed their targets.

The Provincial Target is 1,150 souls, and 465 Soldiers.

The District Targets are: St. John's, 200 souls and 50 Soldiers; Harbor Grace, 150 souls and 50 Soldiers; Carbonear, 165 souls and 75 Soldiers; Bonaville, 155 souls and 60 Soldiers; Grand Bank, 145 souls and 50 Soldiers; Greenpond, 60 souls and 40 Soldiers; Twillingate, 125 souls and 70 Soldiers; Tilt Cove, 150 souls and 70 Soldiers.

No doubt the targets look quite large, but we can get there. What say you, St. John's? Of course you don't forget the rousing time you had at the Commissioner's meetings, the mighty blessings, the rivers of living water which flowed the blessed inspirations and the floods of light you received, the effects of which have already been seen. Get there! What say you, go away over! Target far too small!

Harbor Grace and Carbonear come next. What shall we say, Comrades? Will the absence of a District Officer hinder the progress of a Boom? No! No! The Officers, to a man, will take up, and push and push again, until they push their number into the Kingdom. But that is not all. There is something in store for these Districts yet. It has always been the case, when one goes another comes, and your sorrow will be turned into gladness, and your mourning into a real Newfoundland dance. Wait awhile then; you will see what you will see.

"Be that which thou art," is wise. What shall we expect of the Eastern Districts with such leaders as Ensigns Ebsary and McRae to lead the forces on to victory? There is no doubt but what a mighty revival will spread around, and their targets will be doubled. Shall it be so? Work, pray, and believe: God will give you the victory.

Grand Bank comes next. They, too, have lost their District Officer. Still, there is something in the way, and before the boom is properly started he will be taking up the reins and marching the Southern Braves on to war.

Then there are the Northern Districts under the Parson and New-man. The winter has already set in, and many of the harbors are frozen up; but there is a stream which flows all the year round, which neither frost nor anything else can hinder. We are believing for it to flow this winter until many a soul shall be born of the Spirit of God.

Now, my Comrades, go forward, and let the Winter's Boom be a mighty success.

ALEX. McMILLAN,
Provincial Officer.

A Tremendous Hit



Yes the Christmas War Cry will be a hard hitter, and don't you forget that the price will be 6 cents.

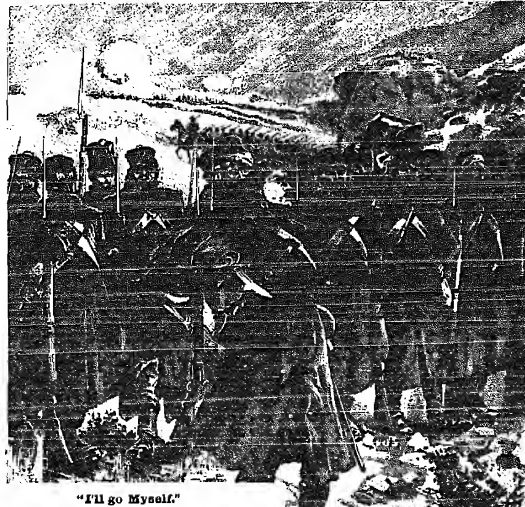
The art of life consists in the economical use of its opportunities.—Bishop Fraser.

The Soldier Who Led the Way.

It was as long ago as the battle of Inkerman. The hero of the story still lives. He was at that time only a Lieutenant, but appeared to have been acting as Captain on the occasion here described. Lieutenant Acton, of the 77th Regiment, was standing on the battlefield, with a remnant of the men belonging to his detachment,—not more than sixty or seventy in number—when Major Lord West, of the 21st, came across to him and said, "I see several of your men here; get them together, and then, pointing whilst he spoke toward a Russian battery on the heights which was firing upon them—he ordered Acton to go and join two companies of other regiments, adding, 'Order them to join you, and advance against the battery.'"

Lord West went on to intimate that Acton's object must be to take the battery or drive it off.

The young officer marched off with his men, and joining the two companies, they formed all three together one line, facing the battery marked out for



"I'll go myself."

attack. Acton then called to his side an officer from each of the two companies which formed the right and left of the line. He told them his orders, and said, "If you will attack the battery on either flank, I'll do so in front," and recommended that advance should be immediate. The others said the three companies were not strong enough. Acton's reply was, "If you won't join me, I'll obey my orders and attack with the 77th." So saying, he ordered his men to advance.

Not a man moved, feeling that the others had hesitated; they shrank from the double danger of starting alone as a single company.

"Then I'll go myself," was the resolute determination expressed by their Captain. He moved forward, and soon found himself quite alone at a distance of some thirty or forty yards in front of his men. Presently James Tyrell, a private in the 77th, ran out of the ranks, and placed himself by the side of his Captain, saying, "Sir, I'll stand by you." Then another soldier sprang out of the company on the right, placed himself close abreast of the Captain, whilst Tyrell continued to stand on the other side. The officer and two soldiers moved forward towards the battery. They went a few yards without being followed, when suddenly, to Acton's infinite joy, the whole of the 77th men moved forward after their Captain and formed up behind him. The two companies did not long remain halted on the ground where Acton left them, but worked their way steadily up in the direction of the battery.

A distant yet formidable power now began to take part in the combat.

First one, then another of the mighty eighteen-pounder shot flew wanging over the heads of our soldiers, who sought to strike at the hapless battery assailed.

Acton's men were still tearing onward to attack in front and flank. The Russians, fearing lest their guns should fall into the hands of our people, hastened to limber up and retreat. When Acton and his men ran up into the sight of the battery, they found only one gun-carriage and a couple of tumbrils. Thus the battery was driven from its position.

The forward movement then continued.

Dannenburg, the Russian Commander-in-Chief, constrained by what he described in his despatch as "the murderous fire of the enemies' artillery," gave orders to retreat.

"So at last the battle was won,"—Inkerman—called "The Soldier's battle." One of the immediate causes of the Russians' first retrograde movement has been ascribed in history to the young officer, little more than a boy, who led the way at all costs.

It may be you stand alone,—perhaps in some Barracks' room, perhaps in some city office, the only one who wishes to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. Then take courage from this story of one man who was resolved to obey orders at all costs. It is hard, you say, to take a stand among your comrades. Yes, temptation, difficulty, enemies within and without, the devil and all his hosts of evil make it hard. You will never be able to keep straight or to lend others straight in your own strength. You may be resolved to shun

of rush, drive and go. Business men, from early morn till midnight hours, drive their business transactions. Many, said to say, rush Christ in a corner. He is driven completely out of their business affairs into some inn. Their faces wrinkle, their hair greys, they totter and tumble into the grave, utterly choked, stifled by worldly affairs, going to judgment with "years of sinning wasted"; to stand before Him whose help, succour and presence they scorned, forgot and refused when driving their business. Yes, drive seems to be the word. Politicians drive their hobbles, lawyers drive their cases, rum-sellers drive their infernal trade. Theatrical companies drive their plays, prostitutes drive their awful traffic. On, on, on goes this poor world, being hurriedly driven to ruin and despair, and the Arch-Enemy glazes over the victory.

Salvationists, drive on! King Jesus cries out for Hallelujah drivers, drive home His claims upon the hearts and consciences of every sinner and backslider. Go ahead, Captain! Keep at it, Lieutenant! Hell is earnest. Hell is ghastly! Hordes of victims are being driven to its pit. Up and after them! Overtake the enemy, and then with hand-to-hand combat, drive the prey and drive them in the Hallelujah chariot straight to the Cross, where every fetter can be broken, and where the heaviest sin can be laid on, and loosened. My comrade, drive on! I drive on!! DRIVE ON!!! J. READ.

BLIZZARD BLASTS

FROM NORTH DAKOTA.

Fifteen Souls Seek Salvation—Visit to the Asylum.

Boarding the cars at Valley City, we were hurried off to that beautiful town—Jamestown—on the James River, for a four days' campaign.

The beating of drums and the crowd of Salvationists at the station as the train steamed in made the "Blizzard Band" boys feel that a good time was before them in this town. Nor were they disappointed. Filling into the with Adjutant Goodwin and Captain Kemp at the head, a march around the town announced that the

Blizzard Band had struck the town.

The Army Hall had been secured for the Saturday and Sunday meetings. And as we came in from the march for our first meeting, a full hall greeted us. To say that the people were pleased with the meeting is drawing it very mild. Sunday morning knee-drill was a sword-sharpening time. At the holiness meeting hearts were mellowed.

In the afternoon the realities of salvation were placed before the people so as to convince them that the Christian life was the best. The night meeting was the crowning time. The large hall was literally packed, and at the close two souls cried for mercy. Monday night the meeting was held in the barracks, which was almost uncomfortably packed, but two souls crowned this meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon

The Insane Asylum Authorities

kindly placed their team at our disposal for a visit to the Institution with our String Band. Here we spent a most profitable time. As we would come to each ward we would stand and play a tune or two for the inmates, who were fairly delighted, many of whom thanked us for the new music. We all left the Asylum, feeling more than ever thankful to God for the health and sound mind we enjoyed. At night we were to hold the last meeting of the Campaign, and all went in for a desperate attack on the hosts of Satan. Music from the Band and String was in abundance, but that wasn't all. Our aim was the Salvation of souls. In drawing in the net, the first catch was a dear old lady, then a young lady, then a brother. These soon got through when the penitential-form was cleared, only to be filled again and again with penitents. Truly a blizzard of Salvation had struck the meeting, and it raged until

Ten Precious Souls

had professed to find Salvation. It was half an hour past midnight when the meeting closed.

Blismarek was our next appointment for three days. God again came to our help. In spite of counter attacks, and one soul found Salvation. The Self-Denial fund was very materially helped, too.—B. Flat.

The Czar of Russia has assumed the active control of all the departments of State. He receives and issues to all communications from the foreign and other departments, without consulting any of his chief officials.

Those M

THE SCHEM

By M

Mies Ellis, a writes: "Rea Denial is ove get my boxes turn. Well, Ensign V. J. clares (1) Th more boxes o ber shops. (2 best. (3) Th to have Chri

The St. Jol help from th Captain Sin (what a title and improv ought to be thanks God I around his of Ethel Pe "Best" fever, look out. I Brighton, has at this quart the past thr kept ahead of ter the Port ents. Sister says it will i to retain hoI retraced a sin crowding. L. or. Major S Agents in Kh report. Cuth surprised to s vince taking Captain Mo fight, but the store. He h Lantern meet appointed Mi Bracebridge, Groventurn, the Boxes, a blossom as a Another of Campbellf ing it is wort train Sims loc train recepti line. Captain with G. B. M saved Monk, tain Mounter learn.

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Two new A Province, Sis

THE SCHEME STILL PROGRESSES.

By MAJOR J. READ.

Miss Ellis, of Christietown, P. E. I., writes: "Rest assured that when Self-Denial is over, I will do all I can to get my boxes in and make a good return." Well done, M. F. E.!

Ensign V. Jost, of the St. John Rescue Home, means business. She declares (1) That she is planning to get more boxes out into the hotels and barber shops. (2) That she is doing her best. (3) That she thinks she ought to have Christon's 80 per cent.

So She Shall.

The St. John Home is reaping good help from the Grace Before Meat. Captain Sims, L. B. P. A., E. O. P., (what a title!) reports great advance and improvement. He says defeat ought to be foregone to a P. A., and thanks God it is an unknown venture around his charge. He wants to know if Ethel Ferguson, of Pleton, has "Beal" fever, and advises Brimford to look out. Brother Herrington, of Brighton, has done more for the G. B. M. this quarter than any previous. For the past three quarters Colours has kept ahead of Port Hope, but this quarter Port Hope has won.

ter the Port with the rice by four cents. Sister Birch, L. A., of Cobour, says it will be tough work for P. H. to retain honors. Peterboro has not retraced a single step, each quarter increasing. L. A. Mrs. Lowes is a worker. Major Sherr is appointing new

**Souls Seek Salvation—Visit
to the Asylum.**

ing the ensrs at Valley City, we
ried off to that beautiful town
own--on the James River, for
nys' campaign.
nting of drums and the crowd
tionalists at the station as the
anned in made the "Blizzard
oys feel that a good time was
hem in this town. Nor were
suppressed. Falling into line
utant Goodwin and Captain
t the head, a march around
n announced that the

Band had Struck the Town.

Saturday and Sunday's meetings as we came in from the wars to our first meeting, a full hall. To say that the people were with the meeting is drawing it out. Sunday morning knee-drill sword-sharpening time. At the meeting hearts were mellowed. Afternoon the realities of salvation placed before the people so convince them that the Christian is the best. The night meeting crowning time. The large hall fully packed, and at the close is cried for mercy. Monday meeting was held in the church but was almost uncomfortably full but two souls crowned this Sunday afternoon.

[illegible]

Ten Precious Souls

ed to find Salvation. It was
our past midnight when the
closed.
k was our next appointment
days. God again came to our
spite of counter attractions
good crowds each night, and
found Salvation. The Self-
nd was very materially help-
2 Flat.

er of Russia has assumed the control of all the departments of the country. He receives and replies to all communications from the foreign and domestic departments, without consulting any of his chief officials.



CASSELTON, N.D., OFFICERS.

Lieutenant Sunny Glover. Cadet Eddie Kemmer. Captain Charley Hockin.

often with her box-holders. She says, "I am going to go to the market every Saturday with a box, and get people to put something in. I have now 80 boxes out."

Loral Agent Alice Birch, of Cobourg, has written a delightful letter of cheer. One quotation runs: "Prayer, faith, and work is going to bring the victory in the future."

Still more new Agents, and we welcome them. Here are their names: Bro. C. Wiseman, Barrie, and Sister Minnie Guthrie, St. John. N. B. Summerside has got \$5.12 at its recent box-opening, and St. John City \$14.76. They must cry "Excelsior."

A few facts about the W. O. P. Ingersoll has just got \$5 at their quarterly opening. St. Thomas, \$1.26; Ridgetown, \$3.40; Ay. \$2.60; Tilbury, \$3.57 Kingsville, \$10; Tilsonburg, \$3.20. The following new Agents have been appointed and commissioned: Mrs. Goodchild, St. Thomas; Ettie Royal, Dutton; Mrs. Rose, Duart; Mrs. Gage, ex-Captain Wells, Mrs. Watt, Mrs. Forbairn.

of Hidge-town. Prase God!
Ebsen Joseph Bar writes very en-
couragingly. He says that the
Agency has been very successful in
Box-holders from 20 to 55. Kalis-
noll's recent collection amounted to
\$1.75, and Nannamo got a fine
sign has been a stirring and prola-
ric. Each of his Agents, and the
following paragraph therefrom with
show the spirit of the outer world
have been in two out of the ditch
J. W. McPherson, Local Agent for
Spring, Minn., writes a cheering
letter. Since the visit of the P. A.
his box-stand has been placed side
the dear brother's heart is in the
scheme. We thank God for the
blessing. We are, dear brother, look-
ing for you in the next issue.

Idol-Worship.

"Do people worship idols to-day?" you ask. My reply is "Certainly!" Look around you and behold the sacrifices they make to the gods of Lust, Drunkenness, Pride, Pleasure, Greed, Grief, etc., men and women giving their all to the gods that for a time satisfy the evil nature within them, and selling the brightness which Christ bought for them by his Blood for the price of portage,—the gift of Satan,—until he, who was "a lion from the beginning, brings them face to face with the fact that he has deceived them."

And do not people commit idolatry in this age against greater light than did the Athenians in Paul's time? Do not they laugh and mock when the Living Christ is preached, even when the evidences of His saving grace are

discernible on every hand? Come with me down the streets of our city, and I will show you what we behold? Around that body of Salvation Army Soldiers or Mission workers, a crowd of men, women and children, of all ages and colors, have gathered, a few truly earnestly longing for the Christ who "saves His people from their sins," but the great mass, who are here because they are "dying for their souls" salvation lightly, little dreaming that the Spirit of the Saviour being held up before them "will not allow them to be tempted above that which they are able to bear," and that through their repeated rejection of Him, cease to plead their cause before a True, Just and Pardonng God, leave them "utterly without defense," where all is "weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

Alas! How many faces of these
 listeners have stamped upon them the
 wages of Satan!—the careworn fea-
 tures, the dark, distrustful expressions,
 all telling of blighted lives and mis-
 placed trust.

The message of pardon and peace,
 the Gospel of free and full salvation
 from all sin and iniquity is still
 brought, though the mercy and goodness of
 loving Father, held out to them; the
 Christ who satisfies the inmost crav-
 ings of the soul is still willing to com-
 mend take up His cross with them.
 They will but cease following the
 idols and take up their cross and fol-
 low Him.

Will they accept? God none knows.
Reader! Have YOU accepted the
Christ? Have YOU mortified, thrashed
Him, the lusts of the flesh? Have
YOU found, by experience, that He
is the only true God, beside Whom there
is none other?

If you have, how thankful you should
be, and when you see the idolatrous
rife around you, how much should
strive to show forth the fruits of
Godly life to those who have not tasted
of the good things of Jesus.—C. T. C.



The Commissioner's Sunday at the Temple was a magnificent triumph. The Allar Meeting was a decided success.

Changes are taking place. This time two of the horses from the Farm come to the Toronto Woodyard for the winter.

Jimmy, one of the Farm boys, has been accepted for the work and goes to Linnecott Training Garrison.

Captain and Mrs. Laeey, of Gravenhurst, are both broken down in health. They have our sympathy and prayers. May they soon recover!

The new Junior Soldiers' Sergeant-Major's report book will be ready in a few days. Every Corps should be supplied with one.

Adjutant Hay, the Junior Soldierman, has just completed a successful tour in Central Ontario. He reports that all ground interest is being awakened in our children's operations.

The Headquarters' Staff Band are doing fine. The boys are in good form and they have rendered good service during Self-Defence week.

The new Citadel at Barrie is rapidly nearing completion, and will be opened during the present month. It will be a nice building when finished. The Chief Secretary, accompanied by the Headquarters' Staff Band, will conduct the opening meetings.



"Oh, what a difference in the morning!"

Champagne at night brings real pain in the morning. It does not do to drink heavy all night and then try and undo the mischief with soda water and physes next morning. Our advice to this boozier and to all others is to abstain from this dissipation, not by the force of a human resolution merely, but by the power of the grace of God.

Promoted to Heaven.

SISTER MRS. HAWBURY, Vancouver

Our sister was called ninety quite suddenly just three days after our arrival here; therefore we did not know her personally. However, the Soldiers who knew her for some years testify to the Godliness of her life, and are quite sure of meeting her in Heaven. Her funeral made a great impression on the city. Very touching indeed was the tiny voice of her three years' old son at the grave-side. "Ashes to ashes," Adjutant "Dust" cried the last time. "Dust to dust," continued the Adjutant. "Poor Mamma!" he cried again. However, we are sure that God will be enough for our brother with his small family. At the Memorial Service on Sunday, the Adjutant said that he believed it will never be forgotten by some who were present. Already God has saved some who, were it not for this terrible war, would have been lost to the cause of His war.—Mrs. Adjutant Phillips.



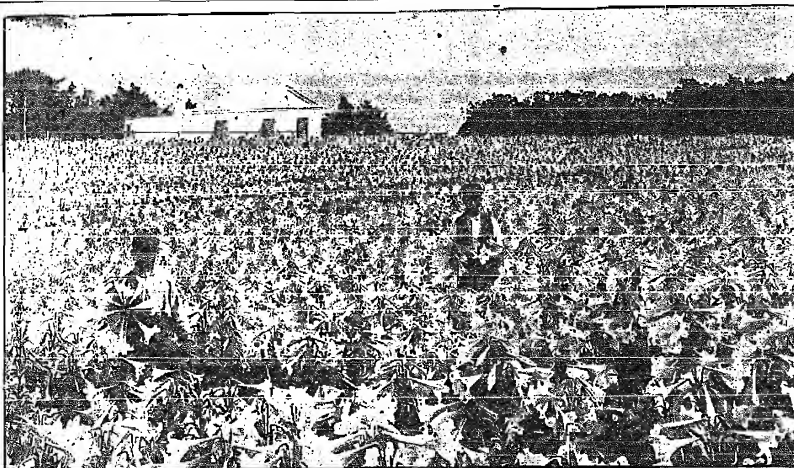
ENSIGN McKENZIE,
C.B.M. Provincial Agent, North-West.

We glean from Ensign McKenzie's recent reports that Moosejaw raised \$4.11, going over last quarter and Swift Current \$3.20 doing the same. Hurray! Brothers Mildaugh and Smyth. The P. A. conducted a good Lantern Service at Medicine Hat.

Ethel Ferguson, of Plenton, is a Baanmer. She has all her boxes out and is getting 12 chained boxes. She prays



The proposed expedition next year against Khartoum will, it is said, number 25,000 men, of which 18,000 will be Egyptian troops and 7,000 British troops, including batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery and probably a Highland regiment, and an Indian brigade with Cavalry amounting to 20,000 men will be available for an attack upon Omdurman, the fortified dervish camp near Khartoum, where fierce fighting is expected. The dervishes there are reported to number at least 60,000 fighting men, and the forts are defended by 10 Krupp guns.



Field of Lilies in the Island of Bermuda—One of the Army's latest openings.

BERMUDA VS. SATAN'S LEGIONS.

On Wednesday, the 4th of November, a grand meeting was held in the hall at Hamilton, under charge of the brothers, —Brother Edwards commanding, with Brother T. Harvey, the Holiness evangelist, acting as his Lieutenant. The hall was packed and an especially good meeting was held, with good testimonies, good singing, and collection.

Sunday, 7th. A grand rally of troops at the 7 a.m. parade. We were served out a new supply of ammunition by the Almighty Quartermaster. It was used in the attack at night, and after hard fighting, two sinners plunged into the Fountain for cleansing, and a poor backslider returned to the Father, Hallelujah!

Monday, 8th. The Royal Troops, commanded by Adjutant DesBrisay, with her aides, Captains Johnson and Smith, and Lieutenant Forsyth, supported by the baby Band, attacked the forts of Darkness at Warwick, making havoc in their entrenchments, and capturing a prisoner. Glory to God!

Good meetings all the week. More souls, more cash, more trials, and more help from Him to carry out the work. On Saturday, 14th, Brother Erickson, a Swedish Soldier, gave us a solo, which was highly pleasing. "Der Jesus I Love De," etc.

Sunday, 15th. At laybreak the reveille sounded for all the troops. Many came to knee-drill, got the fire into them, and commenced the skirmish. At the Holiness Meeting, one poor, hardened sinner, who had withstood the shock of many an attack, surrendered to the King, and laid down his arms of rebellion.—A. Goodman, Regular Correspondent.

"Sin-Chains Riven."

Our forthcoming Rescue Booklet will soon be in the hands of the public.

It will be an intensely interesting report of this year's work of the Women's Social Department, and just the very thing for removing prejudice, winning sympathy, and giving a comprehensive view of this side of the Army's work.

A beautiful portrait of the Field Commissioner will be an attractive feature of this publication. Also the introduction from her pen.

There will also be stirring testimonials from leading Police Officers and others to the good accomplished by this branch of the work.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth has an important article, "Qualifications of a Rescue Officer."

Mrs. Major Read contributes two new stories, an article descriptive of Leazes of Jersey and "Preventive Work" and A. J. P. writes an article on the children's work.

There will be a variety of other articles and sketches for the proper appreciation of which all must purchase and peruse an early copy.

QUEBEC.

Booming War Cries amongst the Battery soldiers; sell like "hot cakes." The only trouble is there are not many soldiers stationed there, but thank God we can purify their literature a little. Lieutenant Dora is a good Cryer Home. Fred R. Bloss, Captain.

ORILLIA.

WALTER DALTON HORACIO HADDEN WILLIAMS.

Good day yesterday. Afternoon the General's conversation between ex-Sergeant Demas and stranger took well. Your humble servant took the ex-Sergeant's part, while Captain Lewis took the part of stranger. It made a good meeting, interspersed by suitable choruses. At night we dedicated Walter, Dalton, Horacio, Hadden, Williams to the Lord, and wound up with music and dancing over two prodigals returning home. Hallelujah!—J. Jones, Ensign.

A DEAF MUTE SALVATIONIST.

NEWCASTLE. — Principle events this week are: One sanctified, presence of our comrade, the deaf-mute Salvationist, miners' meeting, and half-night of prayer.—Carrie Reeves.

SCILLY COVE.

Arrived at Scilly Cove after a short stormy trip; found the Soldiers in real fighting trim. Had with us all day on Sunday Captains Hisecock and Niel, also Lieutenant Boston. One soul in the Fountain at night.—Lieut. Newell.

HALIFAX RESCUE HOME.

THREE SOULS SEEKING SALVATION AT A MEETING LED BY THE COMMISSIONER IN THE HOME.

Although our Commissioner was very tired after her long journey from Newfoundland, we had the pleasure of having her for a meeting with our girls on Sunday evening, and as we listened to the earnest, loving talk, so full of real, deep interest, we felt it was indeed a privilege to have her with us. At the close of the meeting, three came forward and asked God for mercy. Jessie McDonald.

BRAYTON.

Monday night we had a visit from our District Officer, Adjutant Taylor, accompanied by Captain Coy. Two Local Officers commissioned. Good time rest of week. Adjutant Scarr with us Sunday night. Sinners see their need of a Saviour, but will not give in. Believe to see a break soon, praying that God will give convicted ones no peace until they fall at His feet.—G. S. Proctor, Reg. Cor.

BEN BRYAN SWALLOWED.

BROCKVILLE.—Grand welcome to Captain Bryan. People swallowed him whole. Major Sharp, our Provincial Officer, has visited us, which was a great blessing to us. On Sunday, 15th, one soul out for Salvation, who has returned to give God glory since.

Kendall and Bryan.

PORT HOPE.

Friday, half night of prayer, glorious time; three souls out for cleansing. Sunday, grand day, two souls in the Fountain. Praise God!—Annie Brown, Reg. Cor.

OWEN SOUND.

The Lord is blessing us in Owen Sound. During the past week we have had the joy of seeing four souls leave the path of sin and start for the better land.—Lieut. Alice Charlton.

A DRUNKARD SAVED.

CAMPBELLFORD. — A confirmed drunkard saved and standing solid.

Two backsliders Sunday night; thirteen on march; everything rising. War Cry sold out. Everything and everybody all ablaze for Self-Denial. In Jehovah we fight.—Fridmore.

WAMPETON, N.D.

We are still fighting, determined to win. Have had several souls in the Fountain, and give God the glory.—Sister Grice.

ST. JOHN V. N.B.

In spite of all the powers of the enemy we are having victory here. Yesterday's meetings good; afternoon and night led by Staff-Captain Gage, assisted by Ensigns Adams and Payne. Three souls captured. Hallelujah!—Lieutenant Miller.

HALIFAX I.

Since last report souls have been saved. On Thursday night four rescued. On Thursday night four recruits were enrolled as Soldiers. Our new Captain (McIntyre) is a whole team at War Cry selling. May the Lord bless him, and I have no doubt you bless him too, as far as possible. (Aye, aye, man, He's an Angel!—Sam.) May the Lord keep us good and in good fighting trim. Amen!—Secretary Cablin.



OWEN SOUND JUNIORS.

Danille McPhee. Edith Speers. Nellie Perkins. Maggie Speers.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

A Testimony from Adj. Magee, of Quebec.

Without faith, it is impossible to please Him.

For five long years I tried to reap Salvation in my own way,—by reading, praying, singing, attending meetings, going to the penitent-form, pleading, groaning, etc., but at last one afternoon in a little meeting where seven or eight people had gathered to pray, I got liberty.

The leader of the meeting, a young man who was once a pugilist and a drunkard, sat down directly in front of me and said, "Tell me what is the matter with you; why don't you get saved?" I answered that I thought I was not as repentant as I should be. I was not sorry enough for sin to be willing to give it up," he questioned. "Yes, I am."

"Do you believe God is able to save you now?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe He is willing to save you just now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe He does save you now?"

The light of God's Spirit flashed upon my mind and soul. The straight-forward courage of the Soldier of Jesus held me to the point; my heart went up to God; I ventured out and answered, "Yes, Sir, I believe He does."

"Give your testimony," said somebody.

"My feelings are not changed, but I am out on the promise," I said.

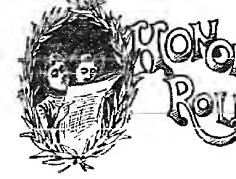
This was my first step by faith. It did me more good than five years of good resolutions. I was a new creature; old things had passed away.

The leader got out of his carriage and walked home with me, and talked of the simplicity of faith in God. How often since then, in hours of temptation, when every human effort seemed to fail, when the waves of sorrow, of loneliness, of disappointment and darkness, threatened to overwhelm my soul, that simple faith in God has carried me through.

To those who may be down-hearted, discouraged, misunderstood, misrepresented, tempted and tried, I would say, "Have faith in God."

—Adj. Magee.

An African explorer, bent on making a time record in crossing the continent, has killed several hundred natives. If the official and unofficial outrages in the dark continent could be disclosed the people would find the Armenian horrors.—Toronto "Globe."



Captain McIntyre, Halifax I.	Ensign Ollivie, St. Alban's, N.B.
Capt. Ziebart, Butte (average)	Lieut. Patten, St. Alban's, N.B.
Laura Barker, London	Capt. Elway, Stratford
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	Lieut. Dora, Quebec
Mrs. Schaffer, Butte	Capt. Kulicht, Campbellton
Sergt. Maud Crocker, Stratford	May Wiseman, Peterboro
Bro. Osborne, Brockville (average)	Annie Thompson, Sarnia
Lieut. Dickens, Brockville (average)	Enola Vale, Miles City
Capt. Moulton, London	Lieut. Palling, Hamilton I.
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	Capt. Wilson, Hamilton I.
Capt. Hundy, Springfield	Cadet Thon, Spokane (average)
Lieut. Chappell, Millbrook	Mrs. Strong, London
Cadet Krell, Spokane (average)	Lieut. Young, St. John III.
Sergt. Crocker, Stratford	Mrs. Adit. Hunter, Stratford
Mrs. Adit. McGilivray, New Glasgow	Lieut. Miles City
Capt. Day, St. Stephen	Capt. Primrose, Campbellton
Ensign Ollivie, St. Alban's, N.B.	Mrs. Gregory, St. Stephen, N.B.
Lieut. Patten, St. Alban's, N.B.	(average)
Capt. Elway, Stratford	Mrs. Adit. Crockett, Halifax I.
Lieut. Dora, Quebec	Cadet Powell, St. John's I.
Capt. Kulicht, Campbellton	Mrs. Esden Crockett, Halifax I.
May Wiseman, Peterboro	Capt. Clark, New Glasgow
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	Mrs. Smith, Peterboro
Enola Vale, Miles City	Mrs. Culver, Spokane (average)
Lieut. Palling, Hamilton I.	Sister Osmond, London
Capt. Wilson, Hamilton I.	Sister Moss, Deseronto (average)
Cadet Thon, Spokane (average)	Cadet Edwards, Canning
Mrs. Strong, London	Fannie Mullins, Halifax I.
Lieut. Young, St. John III.	Mrs. Capt. Knicht, Campbellton
Mrs. Adit. Hunter, Stratford	Ensign Jones, Orillia (average)
Lieut. Miles City	Capt. Lewis, Orillia
Capt. Primrose, Campbellton	Nora Fisher, Butte
Mrs. Gregory, St. Stephen, N.B.	Capt. Moore, Canning
(average)	Lieut. Currie, Campbellton
Mrs. Adit. Crockett, Halifax I.	Mrs. Capt. Stangor, Grandville
Cadet Powell, St. John's I.	Capt. Barker, Stratford
Mrs. Esden Crockett, Halifax I.	Lieut. McFarlane, Outlook (average)
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	Capt. Stalker, Outlook (average)
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	Mrs. Armstrong, St. Stephen
Mrs. Culver, Spokane (average)	(average)
Sister Osmond, London	Mrs. Adit. Cass, London
Sister Moss, Deseronto (average)	Harry Lindsay, Stratford
Cadet Edwards, Canning	Treasurer Jackson, Stratford
Fannie Mullins, Halifax I.	Sergt. Nugent, St. John III.
Mrs. Capt. Knicht, Campbellton	Banjamin Lynch, Halifax I.
Ensign Jones, Orillia (average)	J. S. M. Sinclair, New Glasgow
Capt. Lewis, Orillia	Banjamin Lynch, Halifax I.
Nora Fisher, Butte	J. E. Stollker, Riverside
Capt. Moore, Canning	Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Spokane
Lieut. Currie, Campbellton	(average)
Mrs. Capt. Stangor, Grandville	Sergt. Collins, Halifax I.
Capt. Barker, Stratford	Sergt. Currie, New Glasgow
Lieut. McFarlane, Outlook (average)	Sergt. Collins, Halifax I.
Capt. Stalker, Outlook (average)	Lieut. Ritchie, St. John III.
Mrs. Armstrong, St. Stephen	Capt. Curry, St. John III.
(average)	Sister Duns, London
Mrs. Adit. Cass, London	Minnie Woods, Peterboro
Harry Lindsay, Stratford	Jennie Brown, Peterboro
Treasurer Jackson, Stratford	Capt. Barker, Stratford
Sergt. Nugent, St. John III.	Capt. Currie, Hamilton I.
Banjamin Lynch, Halifax I.	Capt. Stole, Sarnia
J. S. M. Sinclair, New Glasgow	Capt. Bloss, Quebec
Banjamin Lynch, Halifax I.	Mrs. Adit. Wiseman, Peterboro
J. E. Stollker, Riverside	Cadet White, St. John's I.
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Spokane	Mrs. Ady, Spokane (average)
(average)	Cadet Locke, Spokane (average)
Sergt. Collins, Halifax I.	Mrs. Hunter, Stratford
Sergt. Currie, New Glasgow	Mrs. Dyker, Orillia
Sergt. Collins, Halifax I.	Fried Palmer, London
Lieut. Ritchie, St. John III.	Lottie Berry, Annapolis
Capt. Curry, St. John III.	Mrs. Sonley, London
Sister Duns, London	Marie Stowbridge, St. John's I.
Minnie Woods, Peterboro	Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro
Jennie Brown, Peterboro	Sergt. Law, New Glasgow
Capt. Barker, Stratford	Sergt. Earle, New Glasgow
Capt. Currie, Hamilton I.	E. Southall, Spokane (average)
Capt. Stole, Sarnia	Sister Euford, Brighton
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	Tenn McCueh, St. John III.
Mrs. Adit. Wiseman, Peterboro	Sister Courtenmanche, Kilmour
Cadet White, St. John's I.	(average)
Mrs. Ady, Spokane (average)	Minnie Lawrence, Sarnia
Cadet Locke, Spokane (average)	Mrs. Major Friedrich, Spokane
Mrs. Hunter, Stratford	Sergt. Norfolk, London
Mrs. Dyker, Orillia	Bro. Goodham, Kilmount (average)
Fried Palmer, London	Cadet Way, St. John's I.
Lottie Berry, Annapolis	Martha Carr, Stratford
Mrs. Sonley, London	Rob. Kellock, St. John III.
Marie Stowbridge, St. John's I.	Mrs. Lloyd, Peterboro
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	Sergt. Lee, Halifax I.
Sergt. Law, New Glasgow	Ardie McCann, Stratford
Sergt. Earle, New Glasgow	Capt. White, Kilmount (average)
E. Southall, Spokane (average)	Annie Black, Peterboro
Sister Euford, Brighton	Samuel Wheeler, St. John's I.
Tenn McCueh, St. John III.	Cadet Young, St. John's I.
Sister Courtenmanche, Kilmour	Agnes Elsbury, St. John's I.
(average)	Lillie Murray, Halifax I.
Minnie Lawrence, Sarnia	Beatrice Friedrick, Campbellton
Mrs. Major Friedrich, Spokane	(average)
Sergt. Norfolk, London	Flo. Massey, Butte
Bro. Goodham, Kilmount (average)	
Cadet Way, St. John's I.	
Martha Carr, Stratford	
Rob. Kellock, St. John III.	
Mrs. Lloyd, Peterboro	
Sergt. Lee, Halifax I.	
Ardie McCann, Stratford	
Capt. White, Kilmount (average)	
Annie Black, Peterboro	
Samuel Wheeler, St. John's I.	
Cadet Young, St. John's I.	
Agnes Elsbury, St. John's I.	
Lillie Murray, Halifax I.	
Beatrice Friedrick, Campbellton	
(average)	
Flo. Massey, Butte	



Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	225
Capt. Ziebarth, Butte (average)	157
Laura Barker, London	140
Capt. McIntyre, Halifax I.	137
Mrs. Schaffner, Butte	129
Sgt. Maud Crocker, Stratford	125
Bro. Osborne, Brockville (average)	121
Lieut. Dickson, Brockville (average)	121
Capt. Moulton, London	110
Sgt. Armstrong, St. John III.	110
Capt. Hinde, Springfield	108
Leon, Chappell, Millbrook	92
Cadet Kroll, Spokane (average)	89
Sgt. Crocker, Stratford	88
Mrs. Adlt. McGillivray, New Glasgow	78
Capt. Day, St. Stephen	78
Ensign Odell, St. Alban's, Vt.	65
Lieut. Patten, St. Alban's, Vt.	65
Capt. Ebsary, Stratford	61
Lieut. Lora, Quebec	61
Capt. Kulicht, Campbellton	60
May Wiseman, Peterboro	60
Annie Thompson, Sarnia	60
Ensign Wale, Miles City	52
Lieut. Palling, Hamilton II.	51
Capt. Wilson, Hamilton II.	51
Cadet Thoen, Spokane (average)	41
Mrs. Spang, London	50
Lieut. Young, St. John III.	48
Mrs. Adlt. Hunter, Stratford	46
Lieut. —, Miles City	45
Capt. Peidmore, Campbellford	45
Mrs. Gickory, St. Stephen, N. B. (average)	45
Mrs. Adlt. Creighton, Halifax I.	44
Cadet Powell, St. John's I.	41
Mrs. Ensign Creighton, Halifax I.	40
Capt. Clark, New Glasgow	40
Mrs. Smith, Peterboro	40
Mrs. Culver, Spokane (average)	40
Sister Osmond, London	40
Jennie Moss, Deseronto (average)	34
Cadet Richards, Cambridge	36
Fannie Mullins, Halifax I.	35
Mrs. Capt. Kulicht, Campbellton	35
Ensign Jones, Orillia (average)	35
Capt. Lewis, Orillia	35
Nora Foster, Butte	35
Capt. Moore, Canning	34
Lieut. Currie, Campbellford	33
Mrs. Capt. Sturford, Orangeville	33
Capt. Barker, Stratford	33
Lieut. McFarlane, Cookscook (average)	33
Capt. Sturford, Cookscook (average)	33
Mrs. Armstrong, St. Stephen (average)	33
Mrs. Adlt. Cass, London	33
Harry Lambay, Kinross	33
Treasurer Jackson, Stratford	30
Sgt. Nugent, St. John III.	30
Bandman Lynch, Halifax I.	30
J. S. & M. Shiel, New Glasgow	29
Bandman Lynch, Halifax I.	30
J. E. Stollker, Riverside	27
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Southall, Spokane (average)	27
Sgt. Collins, Halifax I.	25
Sgt. Curlew, New Glasgow	25
Sgt. Crane, New Glasgow	25
Sgt. Collins, Halifax I.	25
Lieut. Ritchie, St. John III.	25
Capt. Curry, St. John III.	25
Sister Butts, London	25
Minnie Woods, Peterboro	25
Jennie Boyron, Peterboro	25
Capt. Barker, Stratford	25
Father Curry, Hamilton II.	25
Capt. Slote, Sarnia	25
Capt. Bloss, Quebec	25
Mrs. Adlt. Wiseman, Peterboro	24
Cadet White, St. John's I.	24
Mrs. Abby, Spokane (average)	24
Cadet Locke, Spokane (average)	23
Mrs. Hunter, Stratford	23
Mrs. Dyker, Orillia	23
Fried Palmer, London	21
Lottie Berry, Annapolis	20
Mrs. Senley, London	20
Marin Stowbridge, St. John's I.	20
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20
Sgt. Law, New Glasgow	20
Sgt. Earle, New Glasgow	20
E. Southall, Spokane (average)	20
Sister Fulford, Brighton	20
Tena McCuch, St. John's I.	20
Sister Courtermann, Kilmount (average)	20
Minnie Lawrence, Sarnia	20
Mrs. Major Friedrich, Spokane	18
Sgt. Norfolk, London	17
Ida Groselove, London	17
Bro. Goodman, Kilmount (average)	17
Will Hewlett, Parnia	17
Cadet Way, St. John's I.	17
Marlin Curr, Stratford	17
Rob. Kellock, St. John's I.	17
Mrs. Lloyd, Peterboro	17
Sgt. Lee, Halifax I.	17
Aggie McCann, Stratford	17
Capt. White, Kilmount, (average)	15
Sgt. Lee, Halifax I.	15
Annie Black, Peterboro	14
Samuel Weir, St. John's I.	14
Cadet Young, St. John's I.	14
Agnes Ebbary, St. John's I.	13
Lillie Murray, Halifax I (average)	13
Beatrice, Friedrich, Campbellford (average)	13
Pho. Massey, Butte	12



INGOLIS FALLS, near Owen Sound, a favorite resort for S. A. pleasers.

Maud Randall, Butte	11
Mrs. Beckwith, St. John III.	10
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	10
Sgt. McDonald, New Glasgow	10
Addie Brown, Peterboro	10
Sgt. Arnold, Halifax I.	10
Mrs. Lamb, Stratford	10
Mrs. Jarvis, London	10
Sgt. Arnold, Halifax I.	10
Mrs. Chittien, Peterboro	5
Mrs. Spatterly, Peterboro	5
Patience Marney, St. John III.	5
Pearl Stanley, St. John III.	5
Sgt. Hawkins, Kilmount, (average)	5
Mrs. Law, Peterboro	4
Nellie Smith, Peterboro	4

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Bermuda Prize Boomers.

Grade I.

Capt. Johnston	163
P. H. Bell	150
Althea Smith	122
Hurriet Flood	50
Almuna Smith	29

WAR CRY SELLING.

A Boomer Got a Leg of Mutton—The Experience of A. A. Kelly.

A heavy cross seemingly stood before me for many days. I always thought it impossible for me to successfully sell the War Cry. It was because I did not go out in the right manner. Often I have gone past many places, where they now buy the Cry weekly. Thinking it was useless to go from door to door and from shop to shop, I only deemed it necessary to go to those whom I knew would buy. At that time the cross was to me seemingly greater than His grace. I found I never was blessed in only just performing a duty. I used to love to see the War Cry come for my own personal interest, but dreaded the selling of them.

While I was a Soldier in Belleville, occasionally I would go out with the Officers, taking as few as possible, and go to where I was not known. Orders came from Provincial Headquarters to proceed to Pictou and assist Captain Bird. I felt I had to do it then, but my time rolled on I saw I was not making any progress. I came before my Lord one Friday when all had retired. The earth seemed still and was tired. I covered with its first white mantle for the season of 1894. I renewed my consecration and vowed to do the will of my God. I retired, slept well, rose quite early, and after preliminaries were over I went before the Lord with my War Cry selling. I took fifty Cry's and went to the market and sold out, one brother giving me a quarter of mutton for my Sunday dinner. I went home blessed and happy, also very hungry. Some of our men Officers and Ca-

dets think it's better for a girl to go into hotels with the Cry. Very often we have no girls who are at our disposal to send, so we should go. I go Saturday after Saturday, and frequently I am asked to sing a solo, read a column and pray. I do it all for Jesus, and I never fail to sell my Cry's.

Sam - Sorter's - Siftings.

Lieutenant Annie Hutt. Not accepted.
W. S. Lindsay: Article too disconnected.

"Icarus": Good, but not sufficiently so to take precedence over other copy. Try a story from life, embodying the truths you wish to convey, say on the model of the "Prodigal Son."

R. H. Craig: Prefer something dealing with God's doings up to date. We have a superabundance of religious matter of a similar theoretical character from many persons, but none of our readers seem to appreciate it.

"Jack the Ripper." Why don't you read over what you have written? A Gladstone would not have the impudence to send out on the world an article without reading and correcting it after the first writing; but you can scarcely have done this by the numbers of errors you left in the copy sent us.

W. A. S.: Little Margie is A. I. Go on like this. It will appear before the year is out.

Unless there is something of a very extraordinary nature to report, Regular Correspondents are advised to send only fifty words, written clearly on a post-card, until advised to the contrary by the Editor-in-Chief. Name and address of writer should be on report as well as the writer's nom de plume.

A new game called the "Editor's Dilemma" is played in this way: Take an ordinary sheet of writing paper, fold it carefully and enclose a bank note sufficiently large to pay up all arrears and one year in advance; keep an eye on the editor and if a smile adorns his face the trick works like a charm. Now is a good time to play the joke.—Exchange.

MILES CITY.

We are still on the war-path. Meetings this past week have been better; numbers increasing; attention very good. We are praying that God will only help them to listen but also to come and prove the reality of knowing their sins forgiven, while the devil has them rooted to sleep, we believing God can awaken them up.—Ensign M. A. Wale and Lieutenant C. Hagen.

UP-TO-DATE NOTES.

Dr. Yeoman's Kindness — A Manitoba Lady Donates \$200 to the Winnipeg Rescue Home—The Winnipeg City Council Grants \$250 Yearly.

By THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL SECRETARY.

An old friend of the Winnipeg Rescue Home has been visiting Toronto. Dr. Yeoman has for years given professional services to the Home gratis. The Dr. was the delegate from Manitoba to the W. C. T. U. Convention, and kindly devoted an afternoon of her valuable time to visiting our Toronto Social Institutions, in company with the Women's Social Secretary. Dr. Yeoman was particularly interested in the little ones in the Children's Shelter.

A lady in Manitoba has just donated two hundred dollars towards the support of our Winnipeg Home. The Army is deeply grateful for her kindness.

"I am especially interested in your work"—Rescue—said a leading gentleman who visited the other day on behalf of Self-Denial, "but I leave it entirely in the hands of the Army officials as to what purpose you devote my contribution."

His generous gift of a hundred dollars was especially welcome, given with this expression of confidence in the management of our organization.

Winnipeg City Council has again come to the front with a grant of \$250 for our Rescue work in the Prairie City.

An unknown friend sends a welcome gift: "A friend who does not wish his name mentioned desires to contribute the sum of ten dollars, which I enclose." So reads the note. God bless this unknown sympathizer. The church rolls on.

NOTICE

To D.O.'s, F.O.'s and Regular Correspondents of the War Cry Respecting the Self-Denial Campaign.

The Commissioner has decided, as early as possible, to have a Self-Denial Thanksgiving War Cry, in which all matter of interest to War Cry readers will be printed. This will be made up from information each Provincial Officer receives within his Province. Please, therefore, withhold all references to Self-Denial in your communications to the War Cry, and forward such to your Provincial Officer, who will embody same in his report to the Field Commissioner.

WE STILL HAVE

A Small Supply of Ladies'

winter Underwear, which we now offer at a very low figure, as below:

Ladies' Undervests at 35c, 40c, 50c and 55c each.

Ladies' Undervests, Health Brand, 60c and 75c each.

Ladies' Drawers, 50c, 60c, 70c and 85c each.

These are good value at the above prices.

Ladies' Ulsters, from our Serges, with long capes, at the following prices:

F. E.	25.00
I. K.	25.50
P.	27.00
K.	19.00
D.	17.50
M. X.	17.00
B.	16.50
A.	16.00
L. S.	14.50
Y. W.	14.00

We shall be pleased to send you samples of cloth free on application.

J.S. CARDS.

No. I.	25c per packet
No. II.	20c per 100
No. III.	35c per 100
No. IV.	70c per 100

A Trade Depot has been opened at Kingston, and all Officers and Soldiers of the East Ontario Province will send all orders to Major Sharp, Kingston.

NOTE.

All orders on our Tailoring Denatment are shipped charges collect.

All other orders under \$5.00 must be accompanied by postage, etc., or will be shipped charges collect.

SWEET FOR SAINTS AND SINNERS.

A Full Surrender.

Tune.—Little Thought Samaria's Daughter; or, Lord, I Make a Full Surrender, 2, 1, 2, 1.

1 Lord, I make a full surrender,
All I have I yield to Thee;
For Thy love, so great and tender,
Asks the gift of me.

Left, I bring my whole affection,
Claim it, take it for Thine own;
Safely kept by Thy protection,
Fixed on Thee alone.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! I have given
my all to God,
And I now have full salvation through
the precious Blood!

Lord, my will I here present Thee,
Gladly now no longer mine;
Let no evil thing prevent me
Blending it with Thine.
Lord, my life I lay before Thee,
Hear this hour the sacred vow;
All Thine own I now restore Thee,
Thine for ever now.

Blessed Spirit, Thou hast brought me
Thus my will to Thee to give;
For the blood of Christ has bought me,
And by faith I live.
Show Thyself, O God of power,
My unchanging, loving Friend;
Keep me, till in death's glad hour,
Faith in sight shall end.

At the Cross.

Tune.—There is a Happy Land, Far, Far Away.

2 Down at Thy Cross, oh, Lord, a
trembling soul,
Trusting in Thy dear Word, Lord,
make me whole;
Here I give myself to Thee, now Thy
Spirit give to me,
That a saviour I might be of precious
souls.

Chorus.

Canst Thou my poor treasure take,
And my heart Thy temple make;
Can my sin for Thy dear sake,
Be washed away?

There is cleansing now for me, Lord, I
believe,
And from sin I may be free, Lord, I
believe;
Now my Lord, impart to me Thy free
grace and liberty,
And till death I'll follow Thee, Lord,
all the way.

'Midst my toil and all my care, Lord
I'll be Thine;
And Thy Cross, Lord, I will share since
Thou art mine.
In the Army I will fight—I will battle
with my might,
Pointing sinners to the light, for Thy
dear sake.

A Free-and-Easy Ditty.

Tune.—Now I Am So Happy.

3 Salvation is delightful,
It suits me to a T,
It makes me always happy,
Contented as can be.
In trials and temptations,
I've proved God's love the same,
Delivering me from danger,
Oh, glory to His name!

Chorus.

Now I am so happy.

I'm not afraid whatever
The will of God to do,
His grace will be sufficient,
To carry me right through.
And when this life is over,
And the Victory is won,
I'll go to live with Jesus,
And hear His glad "Well Done."

MRS. W. J. Lloyd,
Peterboro.

Sinner, Come Away.

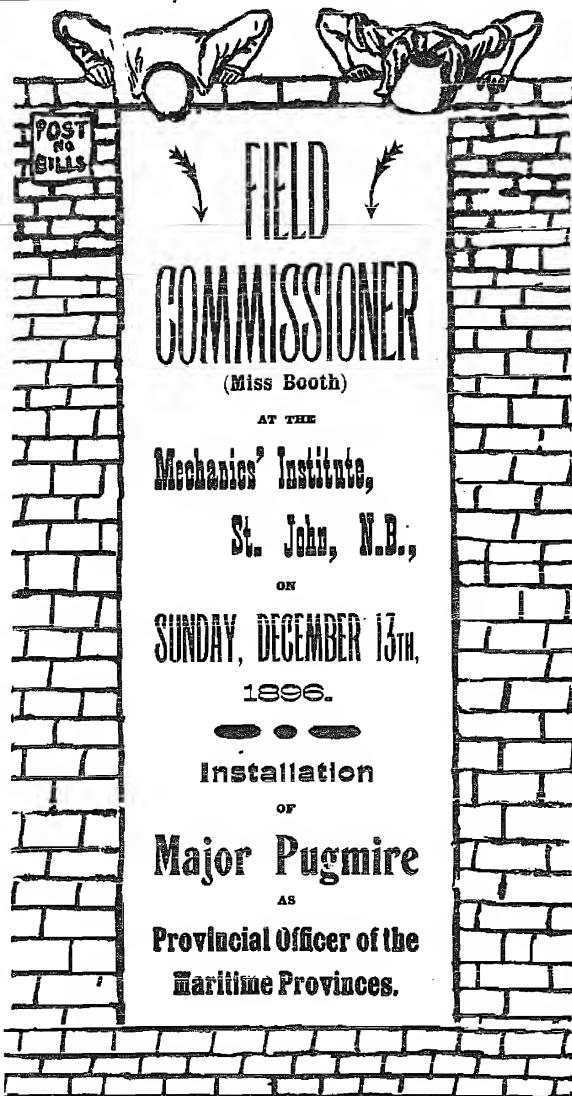
Tune.—Sweet Belle Mahone.

4 Sinner, why wilt thou delay?
Thou for years hast gone astray;
Wilt thou not come home to-day?
Come, oh, come away!
Come, and God's Salvation seek.
To thy soul He peace will speak,
He will not turn thee away.
Come, oh, come away.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come away! Come, oh, come
away!
Sinner, why wilt thou delay?
Come, oh, come away!

Sinner, why wilt thou delay?
Mercy's time will pass away;
May this not be thy last day,
Come, oh, come away!



POST NO BILLS

FIELD COMMISSIONER

(Miss Booth)

AT THE

Mechanics' Institute,

St. John, N.B.,

ON

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13th,

1896.

Installation

OF

Major Pugmire

AS

Provincial Officer of the

Maritime Provinces.

Colonel Jacobs
(Chief Secretary)

ACCOMPANIED BY

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS STAFF BAND

WILL

Conduct Opening Meetings

New Barracks at Barrie

ON

SATURDAY and SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12th and 13th.

False excuse: are in vain,
Remember, Christ for thee was
 slain.
Thou canst His Salvation gain;
Come, oh, come away!

Sinner, why wilt thou delay?
Think of that great Judgment Day!
What wilt thou to Jesus say?
Come, oh, come away!
Fears of hell thy soul will fill,
For thou hast not done God's will;
But for thee is mercy still,
Come, oh, come away!

H. K., Edmonton.

WATCHES.

We have received many reliable testimonials from those who have obtained watches from us. Our watches are offered at a lower figure than by any other firm, I think.

Ladies' Waltham movement...	\$ 9.00
Gents' Waltham Movement	8.00
Gents' Waltham Movement ...	9.00
Gents' Elgin Movement.....	12.00
Gents' Superior Elgin Movement	16.00

Coming Events.

The Light Brigade Provincial Agents Appointments.

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

ENSIGN JOS. BARRI, (with Lantern) will visit Rossland, Dec. 14th, 15th; Trail, Dec. 16th; Nelson, Dec. 17th; Kamloops, Dec. 18th, 19th, 21st; Great Falls, Dec. 23rd, 24th, 25th; Helena, Dec. 26th, 27th, 28th; East Helena, Dec. 29th; Bozeman, Dec. 30th, 31st.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN SIMS (with Lantern) will visit Quebec, Dec. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th; Coaticook, Dec. 16th, 17th; Sherbrooke, Dec. 18th, 19th, 20th; New-Port, Vt., Dec. 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th; St. Albans, Dec. 26th, 27th, 28th.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

ENSIGN MACKENZIE (with Lantern) will visit Lethbridge, Dec. 12th, 13th, 14th; Casselton, Dec. 16th, 17th; Jamestown, Dec. 17th, 18th; Mandan, Dec. 19th, 20th, 21st; Bismarck, Dec. 22nd, 23rd; Valley City, Dec. 24th, 25th, 26th; Minot, Dec. 27th, 28th; Devils Lake, Dec. 29th, 30th, 31st; Grand Forks, Jan. 1st; Grafton, Jan. 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ENSIGN SCOBELL (with Lantern) will visit Listowel, Dec. 11th, 12th; Palmerston, Dec. 13th; Drayton, Dec. 15th; Guelph, Dec. 16th.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

ENSIGN PERRY, (with Lantern) will visit North Sydney, Dec. 13th, 14th; Sydney Mines, Dec. 14th; Glace Bay, Dec. 15th; South Sydney, Dec. 16th; Stellarton, Dec. 17th; Westville, Dec. 18th; Pictou, Dec. 19th, 20th; Charlottetown, Dec. 21st, 22nd; Winslow Road, Dec. 23rd; Summerside, Dec. 24th.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

CAPTAIN MOUNTENAY (with Lantern) will visit St. Catharines, Dec. 12th, 13th; Thorold, Dec. 14th; Grimsby, Dec. 15th; Hamilton, Dec. 16th; Oakville, Dec. 17th; Widdby, Dec. 18th; Oshawa, Dec. 20th, 21st; Churley, Dec. 22nd; Bowmanville, Dec. 23rd, 24th.

MRS. MAJOR READ, Secretary for Women's Social Work, visits: Port Arthur, Jan. 6th; Fort William, Jan. 7th; Winnipeg, Jan. 9th to 14th; Portage la Prairie, Jan. 15th; Grand Forks, Jan. 16th, 17th, 18th; Devil's Lake, Jan. 18th; Valley City, Jan. 20th, 21st; Wahpeton, Jan. 22nd; Jamestown, Jan. 23rd, 24th; Bismarck, Jan. 25th.

MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friend, or assist, if possible, with status, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER E. A. BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark "Enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send 50 cents to defray a part of the expenses.
We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

1827. MORGAN, MRS. JOHN. Last heard of two years ago. Was then living at Larchwood, Ontario, and was about to start for British Columbia. Black hair, brown eyes. Age about 35 years. Her daughter is anxious to know of her whereabouts.

1828. REE, MISS MARTHA. Left Mrs. Hathaway, Oversley Green, near Alcester, Warwickshire, England, to go to California, about nine or ten years ago. Her sister, Emily James, would like to hear from her. Address, General Post-Office, London, Ontario, Canada. English, New York and California Cry please copy.

1829. CROSS, MRS. ALICE. Last heard from in 1894. Was then living in Southsea, England. Her son, who left England in the spring of 1885, would like to know her whereabouts. Address, William Cross, Mandan, Manitoba. English Cry please copy.

1830. GIBBONS, FERNEST. Joined Salvation Army in Winnipeg in '93. Any one knowing of his whereabouts will please write, Enquiry, Toronto.

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